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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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A Literary Supplement dealing with Christmas books will appear on 7 December.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The news that Mr. Balfour is suffering from influenza has caused much more than political disappointment. Politically, it is true his illness has occurred at a particularly unfortunate moment; but his words will keep and there will be other occasions, and his subject is not likely to be antiquated before they arrive. Sympathy with Mr. Balfour is of course real and wide; he is the one politician whom everybody likes. Considering his position it is astonishing that a man could have led a party and faced so much ill-tempered opposition without making enmities. Whether or no his good temper has damaged his political force need not be discussed; it is sufficient that at such times as this Mr. Balfour will always find that to be a gentleman of his calibre wins, as nothing else can, wide friendship and appreciation from the public—even from the House of Commons.

His absence from the Conference of the National Union at Wolverhampton did more than take off "the gilt and gloss" of the meeting. The practical value of such a Congress depends solely on the opportunity it offers for a great speech from one of the two or three statesmen to whom the public care to listen. On the other hand why should anyone pay particular attention to vague and extended discussions by people possessed of no power of action? One M.P. may have spoken excellently on education and other people gave vent to decorous truths concerning local government, redistribution and the cost of the war. But there was no poignancy in any of their platitudes nor particular attractiveness, for the bulk of people, in their personalities. The National Union has its uses and has been skilfully organised; but for the sake of its credit it must not be judged any more than the Church of England by its annual Congress. The value of its discursive debates is great in the minds of the movers and seconders of motions; its greatness does not extend further. Nevertheless it was wise not to try to fill Mr. Balfour's place with a dull substitute, whose only claim to distinction was Cabinet rank.

Sir John Dixon Hartland moved a motion as to the payment of the war bill, which we wish to use as a peg and only as a peg. That admirable ass, the income-tax payer, has borne his burden

with exemplary patience, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer had best be careful, lest even this beast, like Baalam's, should turn and talk to him. There has been certainly no sign of what that stark, strong man, Castlereagh, once described as "an ignorant impatience of taxation"; but, should the income-tax payer be again asked to bear more burden, and at a time when he feels that the war is gradually flickering out and the country no longer in the dangerous position it was awhile ago, he may kick hard. When will Sir Michael Hicks Beach learn that to pile up this beloved tax of his—the income-tax—is more folly than finance? The financier uses a fine rapier for drawing the blood he thirsts for and must have: has not Sir Michael grasped the fact that his favourite weapon is just a bludgeon?

Lord Lansdowne's speech at Darlington gave further proof that the present Government's one justification is their South African policy. On this subject Lord Lansdowne himself was convincing and vigorous, and showed how stale and unprofitable, one may say unpatriotic, were the comments and suggestions of the Opposition. But what a sudden reversal of the positions of Lord Lansdowne and his critics when he became Government apologist for foreign affairs in general! Is there a single merchant having business relations with China who would feel inclined to approve the corky buoyancy of Lord Lansdowne's attitude? An expression of pious desire to support English commercial interests in China is a poor substitute for the practical neglect of English railways and English prestige in the Yang-tze district; nor is an affectation of official omniscience consonant with the appointment of a man devoid of special knowledge to undertake commercial negotiations with China: Sir James Mackay was excellent perhaps as President of the Chambers of Commerce at Calcutta, but there his qualifications ceased. Lord Lansdowne's record in America gives the lie not less directly to his general complacency. In short we have a one-subject Government; but that subject is of such overwhelming importance that the public will be forced to give patient, even enthusiastic, support to the Ministry until the subject is finished. After that —.

We have an admiration for Sir Edward Grey; but frankly his speech at Glasgow was poor stuff. It resembled one of those pagoda-like erections of the culinary art in which layers of the real composition are separated by adventitious sweets. There were successions of the real Sir Edward Grey. He ridiculed his leader's notion that representative government could be established immediately on conclusion of the war, he expressed admiration for Sir Alfred Milner, he justified Mr. Chamberlain's speech, he sketched his imperial ambitions; but as a party man he felt it incumbent on

him to sandwich in sweet compliments to his own party, he laboriously inserted a compliment to the leader he had attacked and spread out some of the militant phrases worn out by oppositions since the beginning of governments. But he crowned (or capped) the contradictory edifice with the astounding proposition that the greatest question of all was the House of Commons. We would not so insult Sir Edward Grey as to suppose that he meant what he said; his mental calibre is not so restricted; but that a politician who is accepted as a statesman should express this admiration for a mere piece of machinery, now terribly rusty and creaking, is a poor testimonial to the value of the party spirit which Sir Edward Grey took the trouble to commend.

Naturally Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said nothing at Lancaster which anyone would wish to remember or find it easy not to forget; but one can appreciate from its leader the reiterated desire that the Liberal party should "assert itself". Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has delivered himself of eight speeches in the month. But in them all, only one point—and even this has been read into his words by Radical commentators—is worth serious discussion. The Liberal party when the war is over is not likely to rally on any one point with such unanimity as on the language question in South Africa. Are we or are we not to give official sanction to the use of the Dutch tongue? It has been a sort of axiom of Liberal policy to allow as much freedom and privilege as possible to localities and peoples through the Empire and it will be maintained by all sections that leave to use their own language in the law courts would be a graceful concession consistent with Liberal philosophy. The Liberal Imperialists cannot begin too soon to reconsider this question. If they follow the lessons of history, as well as the advice of those who know South Africa best, they will decide that the official co-existence of two languages is likely to be the most productive cause of international friction. The Boers will be not less free, but in the sequel infinitely less quarrelsome for instruction in English. A little weakness of the Government on this one point may do untold harm to the future peace of the country.

Everyone of course will agree with Sir Henry in his view that if possible the union of the South African Dutch with the Empire should resemble that of Scotland with England. Unfortunately the factors in the two situations have little in common. In the first place the majority of the Scotch and English were of the same stock. In the second the Scotch beat the English at Bannockburn, and so though there were some jealousies there was no bad blood. Thirdly the Scotch are a trading nation, which the Boers at present are not. The Scotch trading classes turned Protestant and dropped the French Alliance. Hence an understanding with England became possible. The Boers rather resemble the old-fashioned Scotch Lairds, whose sympathies remained anti-English until a long way down the eighteenth century. Scotch Commissions of Supply were advocating repeal in 1770. And the latest Scotch historian has given it as his opinion that if the Scotch Estates had continued to exist, they would before the eighteenth century was out have involved the two countries in a fresh war. Now Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's scheme at the best is an eighteenth-century Scotland plus the Scotch Parliament and plus a great alien and industrial population, largely English.

Two British prisoners have been shot by the Boers and Commandant Fouché has written to our officer in command to say so, as if he wished definitely to proclaim that henceforward he intended to put the war on such a plane of brutality. There are other signs of the same intention. The bloodthirsty instinct loosed, not for the first time in history, by the long pressure of war has wreaked itself, we know, in savage cruelty to the Kaffirs and there is fear if the savagery continues that the natives will take vengeance into their own hands. The remnant of Boers in the field, who are estimated to be divided into seventy detachments, is composed of men whose native, and perhaps admirable, stubbornness has been driven into the obstinacy of madness. In Lord Kitchener's weekly list which included 276 Boers

accounted for only five had surrendered. This remnant means, it seems, to fight to a finish; and the finish comes nearer with every week's list. We have had several distinct successes during the week, of which the most important was reported by General Knox from the south of the Orange River Colony: Commandant Joubert, two field cornets, and thirty-six prisoners were taken, and practically the whole commando accounted for. A plot concocted between Louis Botha outside and some Boers inside Johannesburg was discovered at the beginning of the week. It was too absurd to be dangerous.

The new Canadian contingent for South Africa is the answer to the pessimists who have been busy asserting that never again would the colonies come forward with offers of troops for Imperial service. Colour was imparted to that view by the assertion and denial that the Dominion Government were prepared to raise and equip another body of mounted men if the Imperial Government would accept it. Canada has already played so admirable a part in South Africa that there would have been no warrant for misgiving if she had been content to do no more. This new contingent of 600 shows that neither her loyalty nor her resources have been exhausted. What Canada is doing we are assured the other colonies would do at once, if there were any need. Canada's further contribution will be valuable to Lord Kitchener in a material way but it will be much more valuable to the Empire in a moral sense. Especially significant is the rally to the recruiting offices, of Canadians who have already been in the field. Their eagerness to rejoin disposes of another fiction to the effect that they had cause for profound discontent during their previous term of service. That the despatch of the force should be hailed with more enthusiasm by the British than by the French Canadians is perhaps only natural, but it is well to remember that Lord Minto's chief adviser in this matter is no less a French Canadian than Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

A good deal was heard before the Transvaal Concessions Commission about the hand-in-glove part that the Netherlands South African Railway Company played with the Government at Pretoria. It might not in exact legal definition have been an alien enemy but it was certainly not the part of an alien friend to blow up bridges in British territory, and to make and sell ammunition to the Boer Government, all of which the manager Van Kretschmar confessed his company had done. Yet this same Van Kretschmar had the audacity to join with other directors in suing Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher for libel because he had asserted in a book on "The Transvaal and the War" that the company had bribed the Volksraad to get its concessions. The jury quickly decided that at any rate there was no doubt about the company having actually taken part in hostilities against the British forces and the judge held that it was in exactly the same position of disability to sue as an "alien enemy" in the full technical sense. Therefore judgment for defendant with costs and the general opinion that the company got its deserts.

Under Lord Curzon's vigorous impulse the old question of agricultural banks for India has been revived in a practical shape. The late Famine Commission strongly urged the measure and a special committee of experts has now examined and reported on it. Since the project was first mooted events have moved in a direction to make it more feasible. Capital has become more diffused, banks and joint-stock enterprise more familiar to the people and the spread of education has made the agricultural community both more ready to recognise the necessity and more qualified to carry out a scheme of self-help. It is now admitted that the bank to have any vitality must be a mutual credit association formed and worked by the villagers themselves for the benefit of members only and confined to agricultural purposes. The suggestion of the committee to admit loans to meet marriage expenses and the like is more than questionable under any limitations and safeguards. The funds must eventually be provided by the associations themselves; but at the outset they may be helped by small State loans or financed in

part by larger urban societies. Official audit and control is still deemed essential. Indeed the whole scheme will require very careful nursing and too much must not be expected from an exotic measure with many obstacles to overcome.

A most curious farrago of irreconcilable facts have been telegraphed during the week from South America. The small republics have long been looked upon as a sort of dumping ground for extravagant theories. Some of the lies have come direct from the republics themselves. Whenever a skirmish occurs each party, while confessing to certain losses, declares that the other side has lost at least twice as many. In sheer figures the whole population of Colon have been killed off long ago. The present situation even when the truth is arrived at is sufficiently contradictory. The Liberals and Conservatives are fighting in strait waistcoats strapped on by the United States. For example the bombardment of Colon is only permitted on the understanding that certain quarters, in which if it likes the whole population may gather, shall not be touched. One might disregard the whole question as of merely local importance, if the two republics had not selected Panama as their battlefield. There they touch civilisation and give the Americans their chance.

Apart from the action of the United States the nature of the dispute which the telegrams have done so much to obscure is moderately simple for South America. Venezuela in spite of a little insurrection of its own finds time to help the Liberals of Colombia who wish to oust the Conservative Government. The sole power of the Colombian Liberals has lain in the possession of Colon. In the field the Conservative Government has apparently defeated the Liberals and is advancing on Colon and a gunboat threatens to bombard the town; but owing to the influence of the commanders of foreign ships Captain Foliaco, the commander of the gunboat, has consented to postpone the attack. Such is the present position as regards the two States; but complication is introduced by the energetic action of the United States whose marines have been landed both at Panama and at Colon and the two bodies have secured the working of the railway independently both of Colombia and of Venezuela and of their Liberals and Conservatives. There is possibility of further complications in the action of Germany who is now pressing the Venezuelan Government, which is showing itself contumacious, for certain arrears of debts. Both causes of friction will soon disappear, but it is well to remember that Germany is not less interested than the United States in the future of South America.

Lieutenant Blaskowitz of the German army, on the eve of his marriage, gave an entertainment to his friends according to custom. Late in the evening he was taken back to his lodgings by some of the officers whom he had entertained. On the landing some dispute occurred. Lieutenant Blaskowitz struck a brother officer. On the next day he went down to his wedding when he was summoned back by telegram saying that he must fight a duel. Though he could not remember the overnight incident and though he was willing to apologise fully the duel was forced on by the Court of Honour and Lieutenant Blaskowitz was killed at the first shot. It was a pitiable death and the tragedy ought to put an end to military duelling for all time. The courts of honour were appointed by the Emperor in 1897 to check duelling. For an inexplicable reason they forced this duel on. The Kaiser at once suspended the colonel of Lieutenant Blaskowitz's regiment and the career of the insulted officer is finished: but public feeling in Germany is not likely to be appeased till even the courts of honour are unable to make duelling other than a criminal offence.

The Ministry in Athens has been overturned; for three days the whole city was in a state of violent tumult; newspaper offices and Government buildings were attacked; the military were called out and life was lost in the resulting riots. The Queen was in despair and the Metropolitan forced to resign. The cause was a suggestion by Queen Olga that the New Testament should be

translated into modern Greek. The silly pride of the people, somewhat similar to the debased Roman mob which lived on largess of corn, is outraged by the suggestion that its privilege of special inability to read the Scriptures in classical Greek should be taken away. Queen Olga's suggestion and the support of the press were due to the ignorance of the old language among the soldiers and they thought it better to open the Scriptures to the ignorant than to keep sacred a negative privilege. But literary, political and religious sensitiveness is so mingled in the modern Greek that no unravelling is possible. If one cause is more operative than another, it is perhaps the fear that Russian influence is at work to deprive the Greek Church of its special claim to a knowledge of classical Greek.

The English Church was governed, someone said, by a small body of tired men; but the weariness of excessive work does not deter the Bishop of Hereford from the exercise of superfluous activities. Dr. Perceval, though the manner of expression suggests haste, has found time to write a long letter to the "Times" on some bye-points of the temperance question. On the score of expediency it is perhaps a mistake that the funds of the Public House Trust Company should have been devoted to church schools, on the ground that it gives occasion to the typical Radical politician for repeating his favourite phrase that "the Church is founded on beer". But inherently there is no reason why money got from a well-regulated public-house should be considered tarnished. In Lord Grey's scheme, which may be looked upon as a half-way house to the Gothenburg system, the public house may be made a harmless and pleasant centre of intercourse, and the Bishop of Hereford shows himself more fanatic than reformer in objecting to this view. As to his further point that the establishment of the Trust Public Houses will arrest an excellent movement for diminishing the number of licences, it shows a complete misinterpretation of the object and nature of Lord Grey's scheme.

Bankrupt solicitors are not precisely a class that it is desirable to encourage either in the interests of the profession or the public. Unfortunately the decision of the Appeal Court on Wednesday shows that under the law as it stands, unless a solicitor has been struck off the Rolls, the Incorporated Law Society has no discretion to refuse his certificate, however undesirable it may be that he should practise. There has been a considerable amount of litigation on the subject. Mr. Justice Wills decided in one case that there was a discretion to refuse where there was a "just" cause. In the recent case Mr. Justice Jelf in Chambers had held the same, and a Divisional Court of three judges had dismissed an appeal from this decision. Now the Court of Appeal reverses the whole series. As the power was always considered doubtful the Incorporated Law Society promoted a Bill which is at present before Parliament to confer it, and this decision makes it plain that the Bill ought to become law.

The state of things indicated by the recommendations of the Departmental Committee on the use of preservatives and colouring matter in foods is calculated grievously to alarm the trustful housekeeper. It will be a shock to most people to know that some 50 per cent. of the dairies in London use colouring matter and preservatives for both milk and butter; but the use of chemicals to colour and preserve food has never been so prevalent in England as abroad. German sausages and American hams are both extravagantly adulterated with chemicals; and it is the opinion of the committee that many of the substances used are not less well calculated to damage the digestion of men than to destroy the germs of decomposition. Food, especially imported food, is growing less pure every year and the Committee has recommended the Government absolutely to prohibit the use of formalin preparations and salts of copper in connexion with food. Great emphasis is laid on the purity of milk. The public and the sellers of milk seem to have agreed that it is better to use preservatives than to risk wastage; but never was a more foolish economy. Throwing food away is by many degrees less wasteful than partaking of poisoned food.

We are glad to see that the considerable body of members of the Zoological Society, who have been urging reform on the lines laid down some months ago in this Review, intend to insist on larger and less crowded quarters for the animals. The cardinal point is that many of the beasts and some of the birds should be dispensed with. It is a silly pride to boast of the numbers of animals concentrated on the one spot. We do not want a congeries of creatures, but a garden where the animals may find contentment and exhibit their characters as well as their skins. On a practical point of management the reformers would do well to adopt the suggestion made in "The Old Zoo and the New" that the cages should be built in long corridors, rather than contracted rooms. Free motion is the first essential for a wild creature's happiness.

On Saturday last the stewards of Henley Regatta by a large majority rejected the motion of Mr. W. H. Grenfell to confine the regatta to crews of the United Kingdom, and in so doing they were acting in accordance with the recommendations of the principal rowing clubs of the country. The correspondence on the subject of foreign entries which took place in the "Times" last July was undoubtedly a reflection of the very marked dislike of English amateur oarsmen to the "quasi-professional" methods of the Americans; methods which obeyed the letter but not the spirit of our rules. It is practically impossible to make regulations for any amateur sport which will only admit true amateurs and exclude those who make a business of what should be a pastime. Three or four years ago associations similar to our A.R.A. were formed in France, Belgium and Germany. These associations have changed the whole course of procedure at Continental regattas and done much to remove the taint of professionalism, partly for the sake of sport and partly with the object of qualifying their members to compete at Henley. It was felt by the majority of rowing men here that it would be unfair to exclude them from Henley after all the trouble they have taken, and it was this desire to do justice to the Continental crews that was responsible for the decision of the Henley stewards. It is to be hoped that that body will at once adopt the suggestion of several of our clubs and abolish professional coaching and take further steps to make sure of the amateur status of competitors from the United States who have no controlling association of their own.

The Bank returns of Thursday exhibit an increase in the bullion and coin of £157,700 after taking into account £77,000 withdrawn for export; the total reserve is lower by £56,000 and the proportion stands at 46½ per cent. representing a drop of ½ per cent. for the week. There has been very little business transacted in the Funds and the variations have been unimportant—the market however closes with a better undertone on the more satisfactory war news. The serious decline in values of Home Railway shares continues and there appears little prospect of improvement in the position. The course of prices in the American market has been downward, although the exports of gold from New York have ceased, thus easing the money market: the serious break in the copper market will however doubtless have a reactionary effect on American Railroad shares which will probably go lower. The disappointing profit of £4,400 announced by the Grand Trunk of Canada Railway as against £12,000 expected caused a sharp break in all quotations of that company. The copper situation is most unsatisfactory, the price of the metal having fallen £7 for the week, owing it is stated to 2,500 tons having been thrown on the market unexpectedly. Rio Tinto shares have suffered considerably in consequence, having dropped to 41½ sellers, the opening price of the week being 45½. A better tone is noticeable in South African mining circles, the news from the Transvaal being regarded favourably, and the market has shown greater elasticity. The West African market has been further depressed by the terms of the Colonial Secretary's letter, and other markets have been without special feature. Consols 91½. Bank rate 4 per cent. (31 October, 1901).

LITERARY LEPROSY.

MR. HENLEY'S appreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson in the "Pall Mall Magazine" called up many times during the reading a very familiar group in the Iliad—with just a slight difference. We are all familiar with the enraged hero, who, bestriding his dead friend and covering him with his shield, looks fiercely round and, shouting defiance, lays valiantly about him. Mr. Henley bestrides his dead friend, he glowers, he is very fierce, he bawls, he carves and stabs savagely—but the object of his carving and stabbing is not his friend's slayer, but the dead friend himself. Mr. Henley reminds us of another scene in Homer. He recalls the valour of Hector—and surely Mr. Henley should be proud at being likened to Hector—who, waiting till Apollo, striking the armour from Patroclus, had left him defenceless and Euphorbus had thrust in his spear and fled, comes forward valiantly and finishes Patroclus, boasting loudly of the deed. This attack on Stevenson would have been unpleasant and unworthy enough, if published in his lifetime when Stevenson could answer, but published long after his death, it becomes in plain words, the only words that fit the offence, cowardly and malignant. We come to this matter cold; no *parti pris* affects our judgment. The SATURDAY REVIEW has no quarrel of its own with Mr. Henley, nor are we R. L. S. enthusiasts. We never entered the charmed circle; we never came under the spell of any of the Three Musketeers. Indeed we ourselves have ridiculed, and given offence by so doing, the sort of sentimental halo with which silly scribblers have tried to invest everything Stevenson did or said. We have no liking for coteries, and above all we loathe the literary coterie, and of the Stevenson ring we have said hard things. Therefore we could not be prejudiced against, almost we must be prejudiced in favour of, a true straightforward attempt to put Stevenson in his right place. But that attempt we nowhere find in Mr. Henley's article. Instead of fair criticism, of open and deliberate weighing of Stevenson's merits and defects, we find a case stated against him wholly by innuendo. Anyone who knew Stevenson and his work only by what Mr. Henley has said of him would conceive him a poor creature, who sometimes had a trick of talking well, to whom fortune and friends, especially Mr. Henley, were marvellously kind, while he was anything but equally considerate to his friends; and that withal, the half had not been said against him that might have been, had the writer of the article been a less generous man. We believe in all seriousness that this is a perfectly fair summing up of the effect on the reader of Mr. Henley's estimate. Will one single man or woman who knew Stevenson say that that is a just portrait? A simple person might have hoped from an intimate friend, who claims indeed virtually to have been his only friend, a kind portrait; we ask only for a just one. But let us give Mr. Henley all the points we can in his favour. We will assume that his is one of those noble minds so far removed from all human weaknesses that to them a friend is the same as a foe, and a dead friend no more sacred than a living stranger. His only object is the truth. Even so, is it not his duty to tell the whole truth? Does this lofty, severely critical standard require that when anything is said in favour it should so be said as to leave an unfavourable impression? Stevenson, we are told, was a good talker: so told as to leave the impression that he was a mere talker, and certainly not a good doer. His books, the thing which made Stevenson famous (one thorn in Mr. Henley's side) and rich (another and a sharper thorn) Mr. Henley passes over; they are none of his; he prefers "Esmond" and "Old Mortality" (and doubtless "The Song of the Sword"). This is really artistic malice. The great difficulty in the way of depreciation of Stevenson was his stories; they were an undoubted fact and undoubtedly successful; and it was useless seriously to maintain that they were not well written. Therefore say nothing about them save to suggest comparison with the very greatest of English novels, which of course do throw Stevenson's work into the shade: though none but the greatest do. That is artistic belittling if you will.

That is a familiar friend's contribution to his dead friend's literary reputation. Savage criticism would have been generous beside it.

But that, after all, does not go to Stevenson's character. That he was no saint is not news to anything like so many people as Mr. Henley chooses to pretend. If Mr. Henley had not lifted a corner of the veil to suggest that there are worse things behind than in fact there were, the public would still have been without any disposition to put down Stevenson the young man as abnormally free from the weaknesses of the flesh; there was no fear of its taking him for "a faultless monster". But it did take him to be generous, to be kind, to be a gentleman. Therefore his especial friend set to work carefully to undermine that impression. A story is told of one of Stevenson's benefactions which might suggest that there was a certain offensiveness and meanness behind all his apparent generosity. His kindness is negated by the insistence of the writer on his own goodness to Stevenson to the exclusion of reciprocal attentions from the reader's purview. Also, we are told that Stevenson never passed a mirror without looking at himself: the inference being that it was only for himself that he ever really cared. Has Mr. Henley never heard of a man or a woman being vain and yet sincerely kind in heart? Then the public illusion as to Stevenson being a gentleman (in the true sense) is dispelled by the information that there are intimates of Stevenson still living who have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters. If they thought Stevenson a cad and said so openly while he was alive, Mr. Henley has much to learn from them. We do not think that it will be either they or Stevenson that readers of Mr. Henley's article will be calling a cad.

But the most serious false suggestion in the whole article is that which is put forward to explain the estrangement between the two friends after 1888 when Stevenson was at Saranac in America. From that time, we are led to understand, Stevenson ceased to be himself, ceased to be Mr. Henley's friend, whom he left under an abiding grievance. Few, perhaps not more than four or five, know the facts as to the origin of this estrangement. We do, and we say without hesitation that the grievance was wholly on the other side. Stevenson was grievously wounded indeed; as his subsequent letters testify over and over again. Similarly, while Mr. Henley certainly did kindnesses to Stevenson, the balance of kindness is heavily the other way. Finally, Mr. Henley sums up Stevenson in an epitaph mawkishly insincere, an unpleasant variant on the general tone of the article. "He was a good man, good at many things, and now this also he has attained to, to be at rest." He was *not* a good man, if that article leaves a true impression of him; no man that is contemptible is good. As for the "rest" he has attained to, we cannot say that Mr. Henley in painting this portrait of his friend was qualifying to share it. The proverb is against him.

This last instance of the fragility of literary friendship sets one thinking what it is in the pursuit of letters as a profession that so often, if not usually, in one way or another corrupts the manhood of literary men. And we speak of real men of letters in this instance; we do not refer to the miserable crowd of spurious imitators, who dub themselves "literary men". It is a painful phenomenon observed many centuries ago. Men of letters know it themselves. The title of this article is a phrase taught us by one of the best and best-known English men of letters now living: one who has lived amongst the cream of them all his life. Leigh Hunt was not the first nor the last literary leper. It is a pity they cannot be isolated and outlawed as are lepers in the flesh. We should be glad if we could say that this paltry exhibition of envy, jealousy, and spite was without parallel. Unfortunately the past makes any such statement impossible, and we are not sanguine of the future justifying it any the more. Still, it is too bad a case to ignore. If the world lets this pass, there is an end of all confidence and of any real friendship amongst authors and men of letters.

CONSERVATIVES IN COUNCIL.

HAD Mr. Balfour been able to address the National Union of Conservative Associations at Wolverhampton, the proceedings would have gained very much in distinction, but probably very much less in information. Because Mr. Asquith chose to assume, for the sake of making an apparent point, that Mr. Balfour would or ought to say more than the Government have already said about their South African plan, it does not follow that Mr. Balfour would have felt himself bound to respond to the invitation. We do not know what Mr. Balfour could have done more than to make a speech expanding his telegram. The "one form of settlement consistent with permanent peace in South Africa" has been explained in some detail by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour could have said no more, and he would not have said less, if he had thought it desirable to repeat once more the Government policy. What has been proclaimed so often was not in urgent need of repetition, for it is not ignorance of the terms of settlement but unwillingness to accept them that accounts for the continued resistance of the Boers. Mr. Balfour's speech would therefore in all likelihood have been as little startling as the speeches that were actually made, though we might have expected something particularly impressive after Lord Dartmouth's reminder to the speakers that "when the cat's away the mice will play". The speakers accepted the policy of the Government as it has been declared, and there was as little criticism of the management of the war itself as Mr. Balfour would have made against himself and his colleagues. At any rate, whatever the importance of the conference would have been if things had taken a different course, its actual importance was no more than lay in its showing, what hardly needed proof, that an assembly of Conservatives will support the Government. Just so much and no more may be said of the support of the Government's educational policy. If there were any independent critics of the slackness with which the Government has proceeded in putting that policy into actual operation they kept silent, and the conference did not venture beyond the safe opinion that they hoped the question would be dealt with comprehensively at the earliest opportunity. In short the conference was eminently commonplace and not the slightest indication appeared that its members understood the real position of the party either in itself or its relations to other parties.

They are apparently oblivious of the changes that are ahead when the war has once been got out of the way, and domestic questions begin again to emerge from their present state of hibernation. The party is strong now because it is strong in the support of a national approval of the war and the unpopularity of the Opposition. It is also strong because for some years now it has been receiving drafts from the capitalist Liberals who have become Conservatives with the cry that property is in danger, and have carried over with them ideas and prejudices in favour of individualism which were never part of the Tory creed. With these people the party will have difficulties. They will hamper the party in dealing with the working classes when social and industrial questions, which are of permanent interest to those classes, come to the front after the temporary withdrawal of their attention to the imperial consequences involved in the war. It must be understood that the thinking of the working classes is done not upon individualist but socialist lines. Their tendency to conservatism has been caused by their aversion from the old principles of Liberalism. They have drifted naturally to the Conservative party because they recognised that the Conservatives or Tories always resisted the radicalism with which they had become dissatisfied. But what will happen if that party is hampered with what many Conservatives seem to think is the powerful support of the middle-class plutocrats who represent the industrial individualism which the working classes are rejecting? There is no compensation in the support of the plutocracy as regards other questions on which at one time this plutocracy attacked the party: such questions for example as Church disestablishment and franchise changes. The working classes have thrown

off the old Liberal attitude against the Church : and the political changes are accomplished. The Conservative party has to consider whether they shall or shall not alienate the most important body of its future probable supporters by adopting tenets of plutocratic Liberalism which are inconsistent with its true traditional principles.

Old Liberalism is expiring among its antiquated theories, but another party is in process of formation which will be the formidable rival of the Conservative party in the near future. The Liberal Imperialists under the leadership of some one or another of the men who have their hands tied only temporarily, Sir Edward Grey, or Mr. Asquith, will look to the working-class electorate for support. They will appeal to it the more successfully the more the Conservative party surrenders to the individualist ideas of the plutocratic and middle-class element that has drifted into its ranks. It is under the influence of this element, which is opposed to industrial organisation and combination, that the Conservative party has allowed itself to desert its own historic principles which were always in favour of the State control and regulation of industry. This accounts for the unsympathetic attitude it tends to assume towards trade unionism, and to the Government departments and public bodies when they adopt trade union principles in dealing with their workmen. Yet Mr. Herbert Spencer's description of the policy of the London County Council as "the new Toryism" should suggest to Conservatives that they are getting out of the line of their traditions by this attitude of hostility. Whatever may be the extravagances of trade unionism and the vicissitudes through which it may have to pass, it is destined for permanence until the completer organisation of the State absorbs it. Its leaders no doubt have to a very considerable extent grouped themselves round Mr. Morley, and the anti-Imperial and individualistic ideas of which he is the most authoritative exponent. That however has been by no means the case with the mass of trade unionists : nor will it be, and they will find a powerful and admired leader in Mr. Asquith whose imperialism and record as Home Secretary will make his claims on them almost irresistible. They will become the backbone of the reconstituted Liberal party. We may welcome its becoming as imperialist as the Conservative party : but this raises a serious question as to the effects on Tory policy in other directions. There are questions on which Tories feel deeply, such as the Church and Education, to which their answers are not the same as will be given by a Liberal party in power, no matter how imperialist. That way danger lies, but the stale opinions of the Wolverhampton Conference do nothing to show that Conservatives have even dreamt of any such event, still less that they are reconsidering their position in its presence.

THE FARMER'S CHANCE.

THE annual Conference of Hop Growers held on Wednesday at Wye is the kind of thing which should be of real practical service to the cause of English agriculture. We have heard a great deal, within the last few years, of the need the English farmer has of a better scientific training and of his backwardness as compared with the farmers of several foreign countries. For a far longer period he has been held up to contempt as an inveterate grumbler. He has been presented to us as the incarnation of obstinacy with a head as void of intelligence as the earth was void of shape during Chaos. It is an old story now dating back certainly to a time when wheat could still be grown at a good profit. Its origin is obscure. We dare say it first took root in the pages of "Judy" or "Punch". Every selfish, comfortably off townsman, whose sole idea of Free Trade is that by which he shall be able to buy his food at the lowest possible figure, and who thinks that all is well with the country provided he can always do that, is ready with scornful remarks about a class of men without knowledge or enterprise, when anything is said about the struggle the farmers have to make a livelihood.

Every inkster is bursting with proposals about jam-making and chicken runs, or with three or five acre

and cow schemes which are going to bring the people back to the villages and replace the worn-out English farmer with a thriving happy peasant tenant who, sans sheep, sans dung, sans almost everything, and with wheat at twenty-five shillings the quarter, is going to restore the golden age of agriculture. The folly of the remedies suggested is only equalled by the cruel injustice done by such talkers and writers to a class of men who have struggled on in bad times and borne their misfortunes on the whole very bravely.

We do not agree with the view that the English farmer is obstinately stupid in his methods, or that he is set against receiving and profiting by the knowledge of those who make of agriculture a science. Take the hop-growers within and without Kent. Even admitting that these form, as it were, a little agricultural aristocracy, we cannot in reason assume that there are not very many thousands of English farmers, engaged in growing grain and roots and in fattening cattle, as enterprising, as receptive of knowledge as they. No one who was present at the Hop Conference, or reads a full report of the proceedings, could fail to be struck by the very intelligent way in which these growers, small as well as big, hailing from Kent, Surrey, Hampshire, Worcestershire and other counties, entered into the spirit of the thing ; and, by their criticisms, questions and in some instances short addresses, even helped to illustrate the force of what Professors Hall and Percival had to tell about the series of experiments now being carried out at Wye. Not only are these growers eager to come and add to their stock of hard-won knowledge, rule-of-thumb knowledge, as they modestly call it, of how best to cultivate, manure and dry hops, but in some cases, on behalf of the industry, they have patriotically placed at the service of the College plots of land to be experimented on. As a result the College has been able to put to the test certain methods of special dressing, of training and of cultivating on a variety of soils and subsoils. It is not to be supposed that the results of experiments only commenced a few years ago can promise an immediate revolution in so ancient a branch of agriculture as hop-growing. But they are remarkable for all that, and, by the hardheaded shrewd men who came together at Wye on Wednesday, were deemed well worthy of close attention and discussion.

It is quite true that 1901 has not proved a bad year because mould or aphid attacked the bines or because the weather was unfavourable. On the contrary all the conditions favourable to a fine harvest of hops were realised. Nor will 1901 be recorded as a bad year because foreign growers in Germany, America or elsewhere flooded the market with their cheaper growths : the foreigner, though he certainly does keep an eye on the English market and strive to do business in it, so far at any rate, has not proved formidable to anything like the same extent in hops as he has in grain : his produce and his methods are alike distinctly inferior to those of the English grower. 1901 has proved such a bad year without the least question to the larger and more enterprising growers in England because the harvest was too good, and there was as a result some excess of supply as against demand which brought down the price to an extent that in any other market would be staggering. The economic problem of the ruinously small price which hops fetch when supply outruns demand is apt to be considered as altogether apart from questions of improved cultivation. It will be urged by some no doubt that you can only cure that evil to the grower—an oft-recurring and ancient one—by a strong combination of grower against merchant : and of combination there is little sign to-day or likelihood in the immediate future. But improvements in hop-growing imply methods at least as efficient as those that obtain at present and at the same time much more economic. In proportion as the grower learns more about the best possible methods of training the hops and of drying them, of warding off attack of fungus and insect, of the virtues of lime, of phosphate and of nitrogenous manure as applied to diverse soils, he will be the less liable to make large outlays with small effect—as he feels he often does at the present time. If, because he belongs to an entirely unorganised class, whose members seem at present more inclined

for keen competition than close combination, he cannot do anything to forbid the violent fluctuations in price which were always associated with this industry and which have been once more very noticeable during the last four years or so, he may at least hope, by the aid of increased knowledge, to grow his hops considerably cheaper than he does at present, and yet to grow them quite as well. Then will the profits of a bumper year enable him to tide over such lean seasons as may follow. This, if we understand its programme rightly, is what the institution at Wye chiefly aims at helping the English hop-grower to do. We sympathise entirely with this aim. It is, we believe, a much safer cure for the evils of the hop-growers than anything in the nature of a combination of grower against buyer. Combination in such a matter reminds us rather too much to be pleasant of the sort of thing that is done in the United States. The English people is not inclined to look with favour on that which is called a ring: it has never, we think, altogether reconciled itself to what Lord Salisbury—happy in his word if not in his occasion—once described as “that which is called a wirepuller”. The rings and caucuses remind us of the ugliest, most selfish, most pelf-grabbing side of American life. The English farmer can show clean hands so far: we would not have even a suspicion of Yankee methods about him.

The South-Eastern Agricultural College at Wye, conducted on its present wise lines, will succeed in rendering substantial service to the farming interest. Instead of adopting a superior attitude towards the farmers, affecting to regard them as ignorant and stupid, it frankly avails itself of the results of their long practical experience, seeks their co-operation and suggestions, and at the same time explores every nook and cranny in the hop-growing world and strives to bring light to bear on dark spots. It leads the way in chemical and botanical experiments, but always quietly and modestly; and it is of course able, seeing that its living does not actually depend on its output and sale of produce, to make experiments and try new methods which the farmer himself obviously cannot attempt. This is the sort of agricultural education which will benefit farming in England—a most judicious mixture of science and practice. Of course the hop industry, though an exceedingly interesting one, is only a branch of farming. Still a crop, which, taking good years with very bad ones such as the present, amounts to some hundreds of thousands of hundredweights, represents between one and two million pounds in value, and vitally affects a large population of workers, cannot be looked upon as a trifle. We are ahead of the foreign competitor in this branch of agriculture: we must make a point of keeping ahead of him, of making our position unassailable. But we want to see science aiding agriculture in this thoroughly practical and friendly way all over the land: the grain and root growers of Wiltshire, the sheep-breeders of Hampshire who too often seem helpless against the ravages of sheep disease—these and indeed farmers throughout the country could be greatly helped and encouraged, if Agricultural Colleges precisely similar to that at Wye were in their midst. There is a tendency among those who are deeply concerned for the welfare of agriculture to represent—in all sincerity—that nothing can be done to help to revive the industry whilst corn is at its present impossible price. The price of corn is, so far as the arable districts are concerned, not even excepting the scarcity of labour, the greatest problem of to-day: but in spite of that price the farmer does struggle on, and we feel sure that his future would promise better if, in such matters as the choice of the most paying varieties of wheat, the most effective methods of dressing the soil and the best way of coping with mortality in the fold, he were constantly aided by men like the Principal of the South-Eastern College and his competent staff.

UNIVERSITY LAMPS NEW AND OLD.

TWENTY years since a respectable number of people were left in Oxford who believed in the verbal inspiration of the New Statutes, in the divine right of the examination system, in married dons and in the

Balliol new buildings. A solitary survivor, and he resident amid the palms and temples of the South, has lately* furbished up the pikes and partisans of over-dated controversy, and, re-trumpeted from Ausonian hills, come the war cries and shibboleths of early-Victorian Reform. “Lest we forget” is inscribed on Professor Lewis Campbell’s title-page. By all means let us remember. But when veterans—Mr. Holyoake, for instance—look back upon old struggles and victories, they remember usually with moderation, without insolence, and with a recognition that truth and right were not wholly on one side. They hear perhaps also the rustling of Fortune’s wings. So much the elucidation of Sophocles might have taught a distinguished Grecian. But “le Cléricalisme”, though stiff and crazy in its joints, is still to Dr. Campbell a living bogey, in whose face a tom-tom must be beaten with loud shouts. The religious ideas of Bishop Ken and John Keble are “a crude superstition”. A malicious joke between Lord Westbury and Dean Stanley to the effect that Pusey had consoled himself for the acquittal of the “Essays and Reviews” writers by the reflexion that “the Lord Chancellor will some day feel what is meant by eternal punishment” is gravely repeated. And so much do old warriors live in the past that it scarcely surprises us to find Dr. Campbell believing that the Tübingen theory and “Leben Jesu” still hold the intellectual field. On educational questions his position is that Jowett has spoken and the cause is finished. To such a simple faith there is no need of further investigation.

Unlike the Emeritus Professor we have tried to look at both sides of a large controversy. University “nationalisation”—reform generally we have not space to discuss—meant that Oxford and Cambridge were no longer to be a close preserve of the Church of England and of the upper classes. Let us take the second point first. The mediæval system, as everyone knows, brought to the Cam and Isis students from all classes of society. Whatever their social station before they came up, from noble to menial, it continued the same, without any false shame or pretence, at college. Bonner, when Bishop of London, gave “a great brass-pot, in acknowledgement whence he had his rise”, to the Hall in whose kitchen he had been a scullion. Bishop Prideaux trudged to Oxford and served the spit in Exeter kitchen. Another prelate, Robinson, began at the plough and ended as ambassador. Whitefield carried the leather jack to “the gentlemen” in the Pembroke Hall as he had done to boors in his mother’s ale-house at Gloucester. Oxford was to him no place of humiliation but a “sweet retirement”, a gate to the priesthood. Heber defended and Gladstone regretted this old order, which enabled the plebeii filius to mix naturally with the filius equitis, without any make-believe of equal habits and expenses. However, though not abolished in theory even yet, it had already become an anachronism a century ago. Except scholars and exhibitioners few came to Oxford and Cambridge but the well-to-do. The reformers tried to extend University advantages to a humbler class of students in two ways. The revival of the non-collegiate system was honestly intended, but has greatly disappointed expectation. The entries at Oxford this term have fallen to forty-three, and it is found that non-collegiates try, when possible, to take their degree from a college. The other change, less honestly intended, was to throw open all scholarships to merit. It might have been foreseen that this reform would merely hand over endowments left for the assistance of the poor to those whose means made it possible to be meritorious. A large number of sharp young men who could well afford a University course are every year presented with a reward of £320. In fact it was for themselves rather than the poor clerk that the colleges desired “equality of opportunity”. “We do not want needy men but able men”, was the frank answer of the tutors of one society to the Commissioners. A discreditable scramble for the cleverest schoolboys is the result. With the leavings, which are not worth

* “The Nationalisation of the Old English Universities.” By Lewis Campbell. London: Chapman and Hall. 1901. 7s. 6d.

offering as bribes, the colleges do what they can in an unostentatious way to help struggling and deserving students. Economies have been introduced. And indeed there has been a certain levelling; for the rich undergraduate, though not less given to pleasure than of old, is less profusely open-handed, and likes to get his money's worth, while the poor man wants to do as others do. Athletics cost a good deal, and everybody intends to "have a good time". George Herbert "had to fast for it" when he bought a book; but "plain living and high thinking" is not a modern ideal. Canon Gore spoke the other day at S. Mary's, Oxford, of the depressing truth that "after half a century of reform it is impossible to say that there is a deeper or wider thirst for knowledge in our schools or universities". For now there are as many idle poor men as rich.

Admission of Dissenters did not figure prominently in the reforming platform. The "Edinburgh" begged them to be patient, on the ground that the door opened for them must be opened also to admit Romanists. Nor were they very anxious to come. They feared the literary and Anglican atmosphere of venerable institutions which Bright described as "homes of dead languages and undying prejudices". The vase which had held the ointment might be broken but it would retain the scent. It seemed wiser to disestablish and disendow the old universities, and raise better ones out of the proceeds at Manchester and Birmingham. On the other hand the ideal of academic Liberals was not denominational freedom but the broadening of creeds. Clerical Fellows might continue if subscription were relaxed. Professor Campbell, who points out that the agitation against tests began at the Feathers Tavern in 1771 and triumphed in 1871, forgets that as early as 1709 the Whigs proposed to release Fellows from the obligation of ordination and celibacy, and to reduce their incomes—the surplus was to go to pay off the National Debt. He makes it very clear that Churchmen had no choice but to resist changes directed against the historic Christian faith. Not only were "light and air" to be let into monkish rookeries, but "Jewish old clothes" were to be discarded.

But the issue did not really lie between reformers and anti-reformers. Far more formidable to the Progressives than the "organised torpor" of Hebdomadal conservatism was the turning tide of a deep ecclesiastical movement. Ideal was met by ideal, brains by brains, the picture of a nationalised by the picture of a re-Catholicised university, an omnium gatherum of competing chairs by a hierarchy of knowledge leading up to the supreme science. Whytehead's "College Life", written before his early death by a brilliant young Cambridge don, will exemplify the high dreams which were dreamt in the thirties by those counter-reformers who hoped, by enforcing rather than abolishing statutes, to make the universities once more homes of the highest Christian learning, refuges for spiritual aspiration and thought from the ever-growing pressure of the material, the utilitarian, and the transitory.

No Churchman looking back will now consider that it was practicable to preserve a great ideal by shutting out Nonconformists. And admission being granted, every other concession was bound to follow. Not theoretically, perhaps; for while Thorold Rogers shocked chiefly the Latinity of Convocation by asserting "*Universitas est sæcularis institutio*", no one could deny that the colleges, those "porches of the Temple", had been founded on a family basis for prayer as much as study. And in fact the earlier Liberals denied of the Church, as Cobden denied of agriculture, if Free Trade were established, that its position would be more than slightly affected. But a gate opened by inches is sure in the end to stand wide. Mr. Lulph Stanley said in 1880 that a single test preserved would be as offensive to him and his friends as the shilling duty to the Freetrader. Each college, to be sure, must have at least one official in Holy Orders. At Oxford about half the Heads and a quarter of the resident Fellows are still clergymen. Two-thirds of these (Professor Campbell has fallen into a confusion which makes his figures entirely misleading) were elected before the last Commission. But voluntary entrance into Orders is not uncommon. The chapel services con-

tinue, though the easier discipline of roll-call causes many chapels to be almost empty. The authorities are on the whole well disposed towards religion and anxious not to stir the mud of controversy. There is absolutely no movement for secularising the colleges. Still, logic has an awkward way of refusing to sham dead, and illogical systems dependent on good feeling are precarious. Given a Unitarian head, a small college with a majority of Roman Catholic Fellows, or one or two other not impossible contingencies, and the present delicate adjustment would be impossible to work. The Church—*indocilis pauperiem pati*—acted on a right instinct in founding Keble, which, however, with overstrained conciliation was then staffed with Gladstonians. But there are larger questions ahead. Liberals who prefer substance to form are probably not dissatisfied with the result of the restriction of the theological chairs to clergymen. Yet the restriction is sure to be assailed. With the system of degrees in divinity everyone is discontented. But the most troublesome question of the future is the school of Theology. It was meant to compensate the Church for her great losses, and she will scarcely consent to inter-denominationalise this chief training for her priesthood. But a whole district of Oxford is being covered, as Green advised, with "colleges" for non-Anglican divinity students. The rabbins of Dissent decline the fallentis semita vitæ. There are all the elements then of a new embitterment.

The pre-Tractarians, as Jowett said, had little literature but much character. Tractarian and reforming Oxford abounded in both. To *Oxonia Reformata* (Cambridge has not been "improved and enlarged" so severely) no one will deny learning and culture. But when in the average common-room comparison of notes about examination papers is varied only by discussion of bicycles and kodaks, dulness settles upon brain and heart. Oriel once produced a Movement. Neither it nor any college will ever produce another.

"ANNIVERSAIRE!"

ALTHOUGH our country is England and our attitude at most times unquestionably English, we, like any true Parisian, have been "keeping" with no small interest an "anniversary". Indeed, we keep it still—so interested, so "reminiscent" are we. Appropriately, we ejaculate, "A year ago". And sigh. And reflect. But we do not imitate the Parisian so far as to don dress clothes in broad daylight, overcoat unbuttoned; nor have we as cause for commemoration a death, as destination a cemetery. It is not a pilgrimage, not a gathering. Monsieur le Ministre will not be present, eloquent. No banquet will follow. No expressions of profound regret, no public reference to a glorious episode will be made. In everyday attire, we approach the boulevards and so modestly, that we pass unnoticed. Ours is a private, a quiet little "anniversary". So we walk imperturbably; yet—precisely one year ago, following the same route, we wondered whether on turning that corner we should come upon a noisy mob and, charged by the police, be made to run. We were anxious, everyone was anxious; one glanced nervously to right and left, one strained one's ears in order to catch the first sound of the old familiar cries, stirring and sometimes sinister cries. Were the old days to return, the Dreyfus days—days when threats and, in brawls, blows were exchanged, days when Paris was almost "occupied" by the police and Garde Républicaine, days when sudden charges took place—terrifying and infuriating—days when we ran and ran and ran? Peace or further disorder, in fact? Was the truce brought about by the Exhibition to continue? The Exhibition had failed—so why should it have blotted out grievances, introduced content and calm? In the distance, the Amnesty Bill and the arrival of Mr. Kruger. Strikes were expected; in a week, the Government would be greeted with angry interpellations and, even from many of its supporters, with reproaches. Suspense, then; anxiety—so that no one could determine what might happen. Suspicion, as well; for the Nationalists were "lying low". In the interval, therefore, until the problem had been

solved—until the truce had been broken or had developed into a peace—caution, infinite caution. And so, in the cafés, discussion gave way to gossip and to games of backgammon, *écarté*, dominoes; no one harassed his neighbour, one was conciliatory, one was polite. And, as time went on, this amiability became established—so that the dominoes rattled more than ever on the café tables, so that the supply of backgammon boards and packs of cards had to be increased. And we, also, played games—dealt out cards, hoped to find the double-six. A year ago! November, 1900! Most memorable of months! What wonder that we, safe and sound to-day, able to perambulate hither and thither without fear, what wonder—we ask—that we should choose to celebrate the anniversary of the truce which developed into an unsigned but nevertheless a generally accepted Peace, the Peace of Paris?

Still at dominoes and other games, the habitués of our café. So—no discussions. The old patron, the old waiters, the old dog; behind the counter, the old patronne. In fact, no changes. Choosing a table, our table of twelve months ago, we try to calculate how many times our neighbour—an apoplectic and once inflammable bourgeois—has sought out the double-six in a year. His voice rises: "Not yet. Not even this time. Nor now. Mon cher, never". And it is true: the double-six refuses to come his way, he gets a two-blank or a three-four or a double-blank, and sighs deeply over them all. Before the truce, he would have sworn. Nor does another neighbour ever "mark" the king in *écarté*. "See", he cries, "the queen. Always the queen, or an ace or a knave. Never a king. You, mon cher, must be a Royalist—for you get it often. What? Again? C'est trop fort." Before the truce, he would have denounced his partner as a Royalist who conspired against the Republic, and the partner would have called him a "lunatic", a "blackguard", the "valet" of the Jews. As for the backgammon players, they cast dice amiably, murmuring—"Fives. Let me see, let me deliberate. I play. No, I pause. I change my mind; I play. You, now. Two and six. Bien. I play. No, I pause. I change my mind, I play." Before the truce, they would have fretted over the pausing, forbidden any change of "mind", flushed, gesticulated, declared that backgammon was too respectable a game to be played by an infamous Dreyfusard. Peace, indeed! A fear of peace! The fruits of peace! We, ourselves, are melted by all this amiability, feel habitués—are capable of calling the waiter "gascon" and would love to seek out the double-six, the king, and say "I play" and "I pause", and —. No matter; we content ourselves with sipping our mild *apéritif*, then drink to the anniversary. However, other habitués prefer gossip to games. No doubt some are abusing the Government, even mentioning the word Dreyfusard. It has come into the French language, might be recognised by the French Academy. Politically, there are only Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards. But if M. Waldeck-Rousseau is being condemned, his name is not shouted. No one, if he be libelling M. Loubet, flushes. Indeed, so far as we can hear, only social matters are under discussion; and we, listening, learn much about the "affaire" at the Comédie Française. Since Coquelin, Le Bargy and other Associates of the House of Molière have been deprived of certain privileges, they, it seems, hold almost daily meetings. They plot: are conspirators. In their dressing-rooms, they speak in whispers. "The situation", says a Parisian, "is gay. Imagine the comedians, the tragedians and their admirable sisters in their costumes, painted and powdered, conspiring during the entr'acte, with a sentinel before the door to keep off listeners. They refuse to give in: they have sworn to win back the privilege of accepting or rejecting plays. In the largest dressing-room, they strut to and fro, scheming. Without knowing it, they act. All make gestures, speak in professional tones. They talk and talk until the call-boy comes—then make a rendezvous for the next entr'acte, after the final fall of the curtain, for supper and for the morrow". "Bien", replies a friend. "I will be witty: I will call the whole affair—l'Énigme". And laughter follows: for the latest play produced at the Comédie has as

title, "l'Énigme". Neither the strike of the miners nor the dispute with Turkey is considered seriously. Strikes are for ever taking place, threatening to become "general". It is a matter of—"I am sorry for the miners" or "Tant pis, for the miners", or, simply, "C'est peu intéressant: n'en parlons plus". But the Sultan of Turkey arouses mirth. He would have cheated. He would have threatened. He would have made France ridiculous. "Ah, mon cher, how furious must he be! How he must revenge himself infamously by cutting off heads! How many bodies has he not, in his anger, hurled into the Bosphorus?" No one can answer these questions, so everyone nods his head. Then comes the pleasantest news we have heard throughout this day of anniversary.

This topic is—toys! The Préfet de Police feeling that children are in need of original toys, amazing toys, has called upon all toy-makers to produce their most astonishing work. They have been idle of late, offering old-fashioned goods. They have made no progress, falling back on the automatic tram, the breathing doll. Enough of this, cries M. Lépine. Rise all of you: it is time to create. A subscription list will be opened, prizes for the best toys will be distributed. And so Parisians "subscribed" freely out of regard for their "gosses"; so toy-makers toil all day, so will there be original toys, amazing toys, in Paris by Christmas. "C'est bien", says a bourgeois. "M. Lépine has a heart. M. Lépine must have children of his own. M. Lépine deserves every father's thanks". Also, we learn that the funeral of a policeman (who died in the accomplishment of his duty) was attended by M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself and by a prominent representative of the President of the Republic. Other high officials were present; the flowers were "magnificent". "C'est bien", says the bourgeois who approves of M. Lépine. "M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Loubet are tactful. They have a heart. They have displayed the true Republican spirit." But we turn from the bourgeois—for our neighbour has got at last the double-six. And he rejoices. And he cries, "Take care. Now, I shall win. I place it here. Play, if you can. You cannot play? Then, draw mon cher—draw and draw and draw". And the man draws, and the others shake with glee; and, truly enough, our neighbour wins. On the strength of his victory, he orders more *apéritifs*. But as we fear that, in the next game, the double six will refuse again to come his way and that he, now so blithe, will despair, we, disliking the idea, determine to depart. As we pass the *écarté* players, we hear—"The king. I mark the king. No, no cards. I play". then, "Fours. I play. No, I pause. I change my mind, I play". Finally, "It will be superb, it will be supreme. All Paris will assist at the fête of Victor Hugo. When? In February". So—another fête, another opportunity for the Parisian to don dress clothes in broad daylight, his overcoat unbuttoned. With reason, however. It will be Victor Hugo's fête: we, also, resolve to don dress clothes in broad daylight, leave—perhaps—our overcoat unbuttoned. It will not be a private, a quiet little anniversary, but a great, a glorious centenary.

RABBITS AND HARES.

II.

IN my former paper I have made a surmise as to the steps by which the common ancestors of the hare and rabbit may have passed, gradually, into the one and the other—the burrowing and the racing animal. It is as interesting—and quite as harmless—to treat either of the existing species as the ancestor of future ones, more or less unlike them, and, by observation of the habits of each, to speculate on the lines along which this process of differentiation might proceed. For myself I can imagine the rabbit as the remote parent of, at least, two creatures differing widely in form and habits of life, both from itself and each other. One of these I see, in my mind's eye, a nimble little arboreal creature, leaping lightly about from bough to bough, almost like a squirrel, and of a size not very much superior to it. The other bears a greater resemblance to its present self. It is still a rabbit and a burrower,

B

but the hind legs have become greatly lengthened, the front ones proportionately reduced, and it scuds, leaping, over the sandy soil of the warrens, after the fashion of a jerboa or a small kangaroo. Other forms I see, but though, in habit, sufficiently distinct from the parent one they are, structurally, far less so, so, as space cramps, I will forbear to shadow them forth. But how are these dreams dreamed? Do they rise upon any foundation? How in the world, to begin with, should a rabbit become a tree-climber? My answer is that the process has already begun, and "the beginning", as the Greek proverb says, "is more than half of the whole". Some time ago I lived in a land of rabbits, sand and fir-trees, and I there had constant opportunities of noticing how quickly fallen branches of the latter had their bark nibbled off, becoming, at last, bleached skeletons, even to their smallest tips. As long as it was mere twigs that were thus treated, there was, indeed, no great wonder in it, but though this was usually the case, there were not wanting, here and there, boughs of a larger size, and these often appeared to me to have been stripped to a greater height than could be well accounted for, even supposing the rabbits to have stood on their hind legs, and stretched up as far as they could reach. At last some great limbs, blown down in a storm, and an uprooted hawthorn tree forbade me any further, "so to interpret". The rabbits must have run up the trunk or main limb, and clambered from there into the branches. Otherwise, it did not seem possible to account for the high-water mark of their teeth.

As the winter deepened, and snow lay much on the ground, I used to notice, day after day, the state of a certain hedge, that skirted one side of a lonely road, passing over a moor, which road was an accustomed walk of mine. The whole network of the lower and thicker branches of this hedge was more or less denuded of bark, and, gradually, the stripping process began to rise higher and higher. Here, too, it soon became evident that the rabbits could have got to where they did only by climbing into the hedge. The rabbit, therefore, as it seems to me, is to some extent, already, a climber, nor can I see why, in course of time, he should not become as entirely arboreal as is the tree-kangaroo, an animal the whole plan and principle of whose structure proclaims him to have been originally—that is ancestrally—formed for bounding over the country. There is no impassable gap, that I can see, between such small amount of climbing as the rabbit now adventures on to get bark during the winter, and that which would make him, practically, a squirrel. A large limb of a tree, lying on the ground, is, for climbing purposes, much like a tree itself. The principal difference is that it is easier, but this primary ease passes, gradually, into varying degrees of difficulty. The trunk, as we may now call it, though, at first, horizontal, soon gives a bend upwards, and then come ramifying branches that approach more or less to the perpendicular, as do the trunks of standing trees. They are thin, of course, compared to trees of any size, but woods have young, thin trees in them, as well as older and thicker ones, and our rabbit, as he slowly became arboreal, would, probably, begin by ascending these. Still, a tree not wholly prostrate—and this was the case with the hawthorn I mentioned—would give practice in running quickly up and down an incline where the surface was too large to allow of clasping, and, as the fall of a tree may, owing to various vicissitudes, be arrested at almost any point, the power of doing so would become implanted, to a greater and greater extent, in the graduating animal. At a certain stage of this process, if not from the very beginning, sharp claws would be a great advantage, and, as soon as these had become adequately developed, tall and straight trees could be ascended. Whether the size of the tree-rabbit would then tend to increase or diminish is, perhaps, a question. A larger animal could clasp the trunks of fair-sized trees more effectually, but a lighter one would be far better able to scramble up, by hooking its claws into the inequalities of the bark, and would, moreover, probably acquire greater speed and agility. On the whole, it seems to me likely that the tree-rabbit of the future

will, a good deal, resemble a grey squirrel—but without the tail. I can think of no initial impetus that might lead to the development of that. I must here take leave of the rabbit, for, though I should have liked to have left him a kangaroo, also, and look upon a certain well-known action of his as the path by which he may become one, I have not space for this.

I pass on to the hare (*suum cuique*) and here, to some extent, one may see "the future in the instant" for there is, already, a form of *Lepus timidus* (or *Europæus*) which, though bearing the same name and having the same bodily shape, is yet, psychologically considered, quite another creature. I made his acquaintance, not in England, but in Germany. The open country around Wiesbaden swarms with hares, and these, as far as I have been able to observe, seem to keep aloof, altogether, from the extensive forests which also form a feature of the country. In walking through these forests, however, I sometimes started a hare, and I was struck with the different appearance which these animals presented, and the very different characteristics which they displayed, from their relatives of the plains. In no instance did they go off at very great speed, nor seek the open country, even though quite close to it. They made, directly, for the thickest undergrowth—which was, indeed, all about them—and into this they would either disappear, or run close round it, in a way that was very interesting to see, and struck me as quite remarkable. They seemed to hug the bush, in the sense—though much more literally—that a ship hugs the shore. One side seemed constantly touching it, indeed to be pressed flat against it, whilst the fur and whole body had that pressed, shrinking, drawn-in appearance which suggests stealth and caution, and is equally opposed both to the idea and the reality of speed. The hare's whole soul, in fact, seemed to shrink from observation, and this mental state, this ecstasy of avoidance, was printed upon every inch of the bodily frame, each turn and motion, and, also, upon the expression. This last, however, was by no means that of fear alone, a crafty caution lived in it also, and seemed, even, to predominate over the timidity which called it forth. Self-confidence was there. It was easy—or it seemed to me to be easy—to see that the hare thought well of its chances, and, with all its alarm, felt pretty sure of success. It may be asked, how could I observe all this in an animal running directly away from me? This last, however, was not always the case. Sometimes I had a dog with me, a fair-sized and somewhat lumbering animal, of involved breed, though answering to the classic name of Cicero bestowed upon him by the good old Herr Pfarrer, in whose family I was residing. The crashing of the dog through the undergrowth would sometimes start one of these Waldhaase (for they had acquired a distinctive name) in my direction, and, with its attention concentrated on the danger behind it, it would seldom see me, so that, more than once, I was able to watch it closely, for some little while. I have then seen it slink, in the way I have described, round several large, thick bramble bushes, passing from one to the other with a sort of lolling gait that could never be perfectly described as a gallop, and, in which, the hind legs seemed to be constantly tucked up beneath the belly, producing a hunched-up appearance very different from that typical one of a hunted hare—long, low, ventre à terre—with which one is so familiar. Speed, indeed, seemed to be a quite secondary part of the hare's plan of escape. Its main idea was to cling to, and dodge round, bushes—the larger ones seeming always to be preferred—thus keeping a thick mass of jungle between itself and the pursuing dog. Into this, whenever it seemed advisable, it would creep and, with head held low and ears back, make its way through it, with great ease and smoothness, so that its progress, which had, before, been slow, now seemed swift, in the altered circumstances. Then, coming out at some other point, having always left the dog on the farther side—it would gain another shrubbery, and continue as before. The dog, as a rule, did not enter the thick, thorny tangle, at the place where the hare had done. He would run around, looking for a thinner place, and crying with disappointment, and, when, at last, he did go in,

the heavy, crashing noises, and occasional yelp of distress—thorns most probably—were witness of his slow rate of progress. When he came out the hare would be many bushes ahead, and, at length, being hopelessly distanced, he would give up the chase. As far as speed was concerned, this dog could have caught the hare many times over, though, in the open, in spite of considerable fleetness, he was always hopelessly distanced by every one he put up. Two totally different kinds of tactics were employed against him, by what seemed to be two quite distinct animals, and each was entirely successful. But, though the whole look and aspect of these wood-hares differed from that of the hares on the plains—as seeming to express another nature—yet I was told by Germans that, if a specimen of each were to be laid on a table, it would be impossible to say which was which. Who can doubt, however, that, as time goes on, structure will begin to be modified, till, with shortened limbs and ears, and a number of correlated changes, the wood-hare—or Waldhaase—will hardly look like a hare at all?

EDMUND SELOUS.

"A MOST HARD-WORKING PROFESSION."

THE eminent lawyer so amusingly drawn in Mr. Reginald Turner's novel, "*Cynthia's Damages*", describes his histrionic client as "a young lady who, by indomitable courage and application, has become a leading light in a most hard-working profession". This notion of stage-life is not confined to lawyers. There is a quite general impression that to be a mime is to follow a frightfully arduous calling. As most mimes (say nine in ten of them) are almost always out of work, this impression seems to be rather false. Setting aside the submerged nine-tenths, let me inquire whether the buoyant tenth leads quite so laborious a life as we suppose.

Let me take, first of all, a cursory glance at other professions. I see the "man of business" leaving his home after an early breakfast and returning to it only for a late dinner. Half of one of the intervening hours he devotes to his lunch. Throughout the rest he is at work in his office. I see the civil servant at his desk from ten or eleven A.M. till five or six P.M. (Against his brief interval for lunch must usually be set a whole evening devoted to literary work.) I see the clergyman going his perpetual round between Matins and Evensong. All day long I hear the naval officer shouting his orders from the quarter-deck, in the intervals of "cramming" for some imminent examination, and the barrister pleading for clients whose affairs he has mastered through prodigal expenditure of midnight-oil. The doctor's bell may be set clanging at any hour of the night, and out of bed must the doctor stumble forth into the night, to pit his skill against Death's. Never, while light lasts in the heavens, will the jealous painter spare one moment from his canvas. From the sculptor's hand the chisel drops not till . . . But enough of my cursory glance. I need not labour my point that most professions are worked at from morning to night without much cessation. In point of hard work, how do they compare with the peculiar profession of acting? The average play lasts from eight to eleven. A mime who appears both in the first and in the last act must reach the theatre at (say) half-past seven, in order to change his clothes and paint his face. Having removed the paint and resumed mufti, he leaves the theatre at (say) half-past eleven. Suppose that the distance between his home and the theatre is a distance of half an hour. We then credit him with a working-day of four hours. Suppose that there is a *matinée* both on Wednesday and on Saturday. We then credit him with working for eight hours on two days in the week. But really we are too generous. The two hours spent by him in going backwards and forwards come rather under the head of healthy exercise than of actual labour. And in the three hours of the play's duration he is not working all the time. Deducting time for *entr'actes*, we find that a play lasts rather less than two and a half hours. We assume, too, that an actor who is not playing "lead" is not actually on the stage for more than half an hour

altogether. During the greater part of the performance he is lounging at the "wings", or in the green-room, or in his dressing-room. So that the averagely successful mime is not actually practising his art for more than four hours in the course of the week. "But", you interject, "how about 'study'? And rehearsals?" True, I had forgotten them. But there is not nearly so much of them as there used to be. One must allow for the long-run system. In the old stock-companies there were, perhaps, daily rehearsals. But in the modern touring-company, which sets out on a wide nomadism with but one play to bless itself with, there is after the outset no rehearsing at all. And I suppose that the London theatres have between them a yearly average of four productions apiece. Assuming that the average play is rehearsed for three weeks, and that average length of every rehearsal is three hours, we find that the averagely successful mime puts in yearly some two hundred and sixteen hours of preliminary work. But we bring it down with a rush from that not very stupendous total, when we remember that only during one small part of every rehearsal is he himself rehearsing. Say that he himself is on the stage for three-quarters of an hour. That leaves fifty-four hours as his yearly average. I do not (judging by results) imagine that to actual "study" he devotes much more time than is required for learning his words by heart. Let us suppose, charitably, that he *thinks about* a new part for two hours altogether. That brings up his yearly average for extra work to sixty-two hours. I have not the patience to work out from my previous calculations his yearly average of hours of actual work before the public, and to collate this total (plus sixty-two) with the yearly average of hours spent in work by the doctors, sailors, lawyers, financiers, painters and other unfortunates. But I have said enough, surely, to gladden the hearts and stiffen the backs of all those stage-struck girls and stage-struck boys who are being checked in their aspirations by their parents' solemn warning that the stage means very hard work.

Let me carry encouragement a step further for them. In considering the exigency of any profession, one must take account not merely of the number of hours that must be devoted to work in the course of the year, but also of the degree of vital energy—force of body, force of intellect, force of emotion—which in every hour it absorbs from you. Now, to be a great actor, you must have these three forces in a high degree. Unless you are physically strong you cannot get through the performance of such a part as Hamlet, for example, without showing obvious signs of fatigue. You cannot, moreover, give a worthy rendering of that part unless you have brought to bear on it a large brain and a large heart. But to give a worthy rendering of the average part is not so difficult an affair. To walk and talk for half an hour in the course of the evening makes no great strain on your physique, even though you have to walk gracefully and to talk in a high key. Moreover, the amount of brain-power you require for "studying" the average creation of the average dramatist is—well, not above the average. Nor is the emotional power that you require for "feeling" nightly all that is in it. However, doubtless, the aspirants whom I am addressing do not wish to be average mimes, and feel that they are cut out for great things. Even so, they need not fear that their art will "take it out of" them, to any alarming extent. In acting a great part they will have to spend a good deal of physical force. But their intellectual force will be spent merely beforehand: once their conception of a part's meaning is clear, their minds may be set at rest. They will not have to elucidate the part every evening. Nor will they even have to "feel" it after (say) fifty consecutive evenings. Even if they then be still able to feel it (which is doubtful), they need not bother to do so. They will be able to produce on the audience, without any trouble, exactly the same effect as they produced at first through throwing their whole souls into every line. Their facial expression, their vocal inflections, their gestures—all these will come of their own accord, through force of habit. The long-run system is often deplored on the ground that the mimes "walk through" their parts. This is not quite just.

Really, it is very seldom, even after two hundred nights, that one sees a mime acting with less evident strenuousness than at the beginning of the run. Nevertheless, anyone who knows anything about the inner side of histrionics knows that this strenuousness, however convincing, may be but an illusion, that the mime may be merely producing his or her effects automatically. A curious instance of this detachment in mimes after a long run was given me, some years ago, by a candid actress. She was playing the principal part in a play which had had a very long run. Her part was that of a Russian countess, and her great scene came in the third act, when she determined to take poison. Sitting down at a table, she wrote a letter to her lover, speaking it aloud, sentence by sentence, according to the time-honoured convention, while her quill scoured the paper. "Ere you read these words, Ivan, I shall be far away, tasting a tranquillity which, since you came into my life, has been denied me. You have wronged me foully, Ivan, and broken my heart. But now, in the shadow of death, I forgive you—forgive you for the sake of those few brief days of rapture when I knew myself loved by you. Already the shadow of Death is" &c., &c. It was a longish letter, and I quote from memory, but that was the effect of it. And the effect of it on the audience was very poignant. The sobs of the Countess, her chokings, the real tears that fell from her eyes, all had their counterparts in the audience. And yet it is a fact that, on most nights after the first flush of the play's run, Mrs. — was taking the opportunity of writing some little note which she had forgotten to write before coming down to the theatre. "Dear Mr. —. If you have nothing better to do, won't you come and dine with us quite quietly on Sunday? It seems such an age since I saw you. And I want to tell you all about" &c., &c., or "Mrs. — is much surprised that Madame Chose has not sent the dress which she promised faithfully would arrive last night. Unless it is delivered before noon to-morrow" &c., &c.

How arose the general notion that mimes are a hard-worked race? The true answer to this question is, I think, suggested in "Cynthia's Damages". Commenting on the eminent lawyer's description of Miss Walpole, Mr. Turner says "it was always remarkable how hard-working all the actresses for whom he appeared seemed to be". The British public holds a brief for all actors and actresses. The fascination of their atmosphere has conquered the public. And, ever moral, the public is determined to convince itself that it has been won not by fascination but by moral worth.

MAX.

LIFE ANNUITIES.

THE purchase of an annuity is a very safe and convenient way for the purchaser to obtain a considerable increase of income so long as he or she lives; but it is to be feared that a great many annuitants fail to purchase their annuities to the best advantage, although it is an absurdly simple matter to consult the short table of rates given in Whitaker's Almanack, or the fuller tables which are to be found in other accessible publications.

In deciding upon the choice of a company from which to purchase an annuity security is the principal consideration. In the list given in Whitaker's Almanack there are only four British offices that cannot be regarded as absolutely safe. The three great American offices all quote the same terms, which at certain ages are more favourable than the majority of British offices. The rates of three colonial companies are given in Whitaker, and, owing to the higher rate of interest which prevails in the colonies, the annuities given by these colonial companies are as a rule more favourable to the annuitant than those of British or American offices. In these colonial and American offices, entire confidence may be felt by annuitants.

The position of an annuitant is, in fact, exceptionally secure, since practically every Life office charges premiums for life assurance calculated to produce substantial bonuses, and before an annuitant could suffer to the slightest extent the company would have to give up the declaration of bonuses upon its policies.

In the case of the American and Colonial offices the bonuses to a large extent are deferred for many years, on the tontine principle, and consequently accumulate to large amounts. Probably, though not certainly, these accumulations of bonuses would be available for annuitants in preference to participating policy-holders, a consideration which tells against tontine policies, though consolatory enough to annuitants.

After the intending purchaser has satisfied himself as to security, he should make sure that the annuity rates which he compares with one another are all quoted on the same basis. If an annuity is payable half yearly or quarterly, the total annuity for the year is normally less than if the annuity is paid annually. Some offices quote rates for annual and some for half-yearly payments, and the compilers of insurance statistics may not always discriminate between the two. Another matter to be noticed is whether the stamp duty on the annuity bond is paid by the purchaser or the company; practice varies in this respect, and it makes some difference to the purchaser. Yet another point to which attention should be directed is whether or not a proportionate amount of the annuity is paid up to the death of the annuitant. Thus suppose the half-yearly payments to be made on 1 July, and 1 December in each year, and that the annuitant dies at the end of December, in some cases nothing would be paid after 1 July, while in others practically a further half-year's annuity would be paid.

The fall in the rate of interest which has been noticeable in recent years, and the recognition that annuitants live longer than was formerly supposed, that perhaps they live longer than they formerly did, has led very many companies during the past few years to decrease the amount of the annuity payable for each £100 of purchase money. From time to time in the past we have given instances of this, and among quite recent changes we note that the Edinburgh at most ages now quotes lower rates than formerly; the General, Life Association of Scotland, Mutual of New York, and, for male lives, the Scottish Life, all quote lower rates than was formerly the case. The Royal Exchange, on the other hand, seems prepared to give considerably better terms than they formerly quoted.

The Government, through the Post Office and through the National Debt Office, offers annuities for sale, and doubtless some people buy them; but it is difficult to understand why anybody should do so. The terms offered are distinctly inferior to those of most British Life offices, and the security granted by first-class insurance companies is so complete that even the guarantee of the British Government does not provide greater security.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOER METHODS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 November, 1901.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, asks why his clients, the Boers, are called "murderous" foes. Permit me to inform him.

Because the Boers have assassinated *several thousand* British soldiers by means of the "expansive" bullet. In so doing they have acted precisely like the duellist-swordsman who should pull out a pistol and shoot his opponent therewith. "Expansives" were "barred" by both sides. The British have kept to this honourable understanding. The Boers under precept and example of their officers have systematically violated it!

Over and above the thousands of our brave and loyal brothers thus cruelly and traitorously done to death, Mr. Gwynn must take note of

(A) The deliberate and atrocious murders under the white flag.

(B) The murders of surrendered prisoners.

(C) The murders of helplessly wounded men.

The total of murders (A), (B), and (C) reaches many scores, probably several hundreds.

"Murdered" also are all who have been slain by a

parole-breaker. However, I do not press this point, obvious and elementary as it is; and numerous as have been the instances of this peculiarly infamous crime.

Nor do I venture to ask a professed "Pro-Boer" to consider the innumerable torturings and murders of non-combatant persons of colour; the dastardly atrocities incidental to train-wrecking; the systematic robbing and stripping of prisoners and wounded men; the tearing of clothes from shattered limbs; the stripping desperately-wounded men and leaving them to die of cold, naked and in agony, upon the frozen veldt. To "the enemy within our gates" this carnival of brutish ferocity by his ghoulish protégés doubtless appears in a widely different light from that in which the ordinary Englishman is old-fashioned enough to regard it.

No, Sir, it is by reference merely to the thousands of our brothers assassinated with the "expansive" and the scores or hundreds whose deaths come under the headings (A), (B), and (C) above set out, that I should wish to explain to Mr. Stephen Gwynn why his friends in South Africa are termed "murderers" by all honourable men.—I enclose my card, and am, Sir,

NORM.

P.S.—I should add that in saying that "several thousand" British soldiers have been done to death by the use of murderous ammunition, I am not by any means speaking at random. I am quite prepared to prove this estimate a reasonable one.—N.

[Our correspondent is abundantly justified in his main position, but there is evidence that some Mark IV ammunition was for a brief period in the hands of some of Colonel Plumer's column and then withdrawn. We make no inference, but it is right to call attention to the fact. See SAT. REV. vol. lxxxix. p. 388.—Ed. S.R.]

THE MEMBER FOR GALWAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 Walpole Street, Chelsea, S.W.

25 November.

SIR,—Your references to the Galway election seem to me rather unhistorical in spirit. Mr. or Colonel Lynch (as you choose) has been elected because he sided with the Boers. In the present temper of Nationalist Ireland no Nationalist constituency would vote any way but against the war. The fact that Mr. Lynch fought or was believed to have actually fought on the Boer side made him more popular, but no supporter of the war could have been elected. Whether he fought or not, I do not say. All I know of him is that he contributed to the "New Ireland Review" some time back one of the most sensible and temperate articles on the military aspect of the war that I have seen. In that article he praised the courage of the British soldiers somewhat at the expense of the Boers and said that the best fighters in the field were the colonial contingents—more especially the South African. As to the Irish contingents on the Boer side, I observe you assert that they hurt no one. I have no means of knowing except that in a narrative of the war written by one of the Boers detained across the Portuguese border, which I revised for the press the other day, it was stated that by common consent the best of the troops attacking Ladysmith were the Johannesburg Police and the Irish Brigade. And it seems to me at least likely that the Irish on one side fought much as did the Irish on the other. To bring accusations of cowardice without a warrant is scarcely in accord with the tradition which you, Sir, so consistently eulogise.—I am, &c.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

[What "accusations of cowardice"? Surely to suggest that the authorities would connect Mr. Lynch with the inkpot and Fleet Street is not a charge of cowardice? Nor had we the least thought of suggesting cowardice in saying that no British soldier suffered injury at the hands of that very shadowy brigade. A man is not necessarily a coward because he is incapable of inflicting injury in warfare. As to whether the Member for Galway is colonel or not colonel, no wonder Mr. Gwynn gives it up. To judge

by the interview in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of 23 November, the supposed warrior himself is far from clear whether he has or has not been a combatant.—Ed. S. R.]

THE NICARAGUA CANAL TREATY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Torbay Yacht Club, Torquay,

24 November, 1901.

SIR,—Your leading article on the Nicaragua Canal Treaty is the only one I have seen which takes a sensible view of that thorny subject.

But are you not mistaken in supposing that England alone will have "equal rights for our merchandise with that of the United States when the Canal comes into existence"? and that the "matter of preferential rates will be one for discussion between the United States and other nations"?

I am under the impression that when the Draft Treaty is presented to the American Congress, it will be found that there is no difference between the treatment meted out to England and the treatment meted out to other nations—and that there will, therefore, be no need for discussion about preferential rates.

E. W. RAVENSCROFT.

YOUNG CRIMINALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

40 Salisbury Mansions, Haringay, N.

SIR,—At a time when Mr. William Tallack is retiring from the secretaryship of the "Howard Association", after a long tenure of that office, one is unwilling to say a word which might seem ungracious and disparaging. It is therefore to be regretted that Mr. Tallack should himself provoke criticism by the tone of his remarks to his "humanitarian opponents". Mr. Tallack is well aware that the humaner system of prison treatment introduced in the Act of 1898, by Sir Matthew White Ridley, was the result of an agitation which his Society did its best to discourage, and that the flogging-craze (i.e. the birching of men and boys), to which he unwisely gave his adhesion has been thoroughly defeated in the debates of the past two sessions in both Houses of Parliament.

In a recent interview in the "Daily Graphic", Mr. Tallack mentioned the three great principles for which he has contended—in opposition, I may say, to the best authorities. The first was the separate system, which prevents prisoners from associating with each other. This may or may not be efficacious, but it undoubtedly increases the severity of the punishment. The second principle is the imposition of an increased (usually a doubled) penalty for each offence after the first—a principle which is condemned by Baron Brampton, Lord Justice Mathew, and Lord James of Hereford. The third principle is "suitable" punishments for crimes of violence—which means flogging. So Mr. Tallack's great object in all three instances was not to alleviate the suffering of the prisoner, but to increase it!

Yours, &c.

SYDNEY BRYANT.

EDUCATIONAL FOG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, November, 1901.

SIR,—I had not intended to write to you on the Report of the London School Board Inspectors as I regarded it as a local matter—if we Northerners dare speak of anything metropolitan as merely local; but as the note you placed after my last letter suggests that the report is of general interest I feel at liberty to address you on the subject.

What with political uncertainties and educational changes the teacher is befogged; he has lost sight of the familiar signals and for his guidance he is treated to sundry alarming explosions and loud reports which

can be compared only to fog-signals. We all know from the experience of last week how slow and uncertain progress is under these conditions and how conducive to irritability and distrust, but even in the worst of fogs travellers know where they want to go, and I think the teacher's uncertainty is rather as to the means of reaching his end than as to the nature of the end itself. He aims at developing intelligence and it is better for him to grope towards that than to be forced back into "Results" by any such breeze as the Duke of Devonshire prays for, even though such a breeze might clear the air. In educational matters the public want guidance; they should not be taken as guides.

But so anxious is the teacher to catch and nourish even the faintest gleam of intelligence that he often does more than his share of the school work. He takes up the half-formed idea hinted at by the pupil, clothes it in words and imagines his pupil is much more advanced than he is. Frequently a boy waits for an unconsciously given hint from his teacher—a look, a tone, a gesture—before answering a question, and if his answer is received as incorrect round he goes like a weathercock without any conviction of his own to guide him. He relies on his teacher and his teacher does not fail him; does not make him fully express his meaning and think out the circle of his thoughts; does not riddle him with questions and try to shake his convictions, making him give reasons for all he says. The teacher is too helpful, too "sympathetic", and the scholar becomes invertebrate and collapses at examinations.

This is mistaken kindness; real kindness to the individual consists in a healthy severity towards his weak points; but there was so much severity of a bad kind under the old system that there is now a tendency towards a somewhat flabby reaction. I am sure however that at any rate boys appreciate a good-humoured breezy bracing strictness which keeps them always on the collar and gives them plenty to do; only the strictness should result in correct thought and exact expression as formerly it resulted in correct mechanical work—and we cannot yet all think for ourselves or express ourselves exactly, much less teach others to do it.

Amid all uncertainties there is no uncertainty about the paramount importance of accuracy. In school we are, I think, tempted to give too much credit for good intentions—hell's paving stones—when a little more insistence would give us effective results as well. In the playing field the well-intentioned shot which goes wide of the goal is received with dismay; in the concert-room a well-intentioned effort which produces discord makes the audience shudder, and in lessons we should insist on accuracy not only as good in itself but as a necessary condition of all successful and intelligent work. If for instance a boy at joinery measures and cuts inaccurately, his joint when finished is loose and he feels that his labour has been wasted. Inaccuracy on paper cannot make itself so felt to a boy who has become callous to crosses instead of "R's" on his pages. Perhaps accuracy in spelling is less important than other accuracies, still just as we correct every spelling error we come across so ought we to correct all inaccuracy as a matter of course and in the course of other work; but just as we have largely dropped the mere spelling lesson, so have we largely discontinued the mere accuracy drills.

It is easy enough to correct a multiplication sum even in a large class; it is very hard to correct mental processes, even though the class be quite small it requires a keen and alert mind to detect and successfully expose a fallacy—hence once more the need of a better training for teachers as a necessary corollary to the newer method of assessing the grant. A reform is only half complete when it is left to be carried out by those brought up under the abolished system, and it is hardly helpful to blame the workers for not immediately grasping the full significance of the sudden change in the conditions under which they work.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

DOES "LITTLE" MEAN LITTLE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I noticed with amusement that someone wrote to you last week to protest against a review of a novel which he had not read. I have read "The Little Saint of God" by Lady Cuninghame, and if this pretty and exciting story of the Chouan rebellion leaves your reviewer "very cold", it is his fault, not the author's. This however is merely a difference of taste, which I should not obtrude upon you, were it not that your reviewer goes on to say "'The Little Saint' is not little at all, but a big bouncing creature". I suppose this is meant for a witty antithesis; but surely every schoolboy knows that in the Latin languages, in French Spanish and Italian, the word "little" is a term of endearment, and has no necessary reference to corporeal size. In Russian, too, I believe the Tsar is sometimes called the "little father". The heroine of Lady Cuninghame's novel is called the "little saint of God" by the Breton peasantry because of her good works.

Your obedient servant,

A. B.

[It used to be a habit with unpraised authors to write on their own account to the editor to complain of their reviewers' unkindness. Now authors seem to get their friends to do their complaining for them. This literary chivalry is doubtless very gallant; but if everyone is going to challenge our opinions of his friends' books, where will the vendetta end? But we admit that in this instance our correspondent is entitled to intervene. We were aware before we had read "A. B.'s" letter that diminutives are used as terms of endearment, as also of contempt. That does not make it the less *gauche* to apply a diminutive to a conspicuously bulky person; no one would do it except by way of ridicule. Our correspondent would be the first to point out the unfitness of speaking of an abnormally tall and stout woman as "a little darling" or of an idiot giant as "a little fool".—ED. S. R.]

CATHEDRAL ARCHITECTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Egerton Mansions, South Kensington,
25 November, 1901.

SIR,—In the criticism of my letter to your Review by D.S.M., I observe that he misunderstands me, no doubt unintentionally. He says:—

"Mr. Coleridge's formula will not work consistently, for one of its terms does not vary directly with the philosophical mood of the time. The weight of roof upheld in a Greek temple is inconsiderable, the superincumbent mass in a Chicago sky-scraper is enormous, but these weights do not vary with the burden of the mystery as felt by the Greek and the American architect."

I never suggested that the comparative weight of the roof of a Greek temple and that of an American or any other erection indicated anything in themselves or expressed in any way the architect's thought. I said that the manner in which true architects treated the pressure earthward of their buildings, apart altogether from the requirements of the science of statics, gave an unerring index of their minds. The frieze of the Parthenon may for all I know weigh more tons than the roof of any Egyptian temple, and Salisbury spire more than either. Tonnage is entirely irrelevant to my contention. The Chicago erection is a perfect example of scientific architecture that is not art; it has not advanced from utility to become a form of expression, it does not deal with weight significantly. I am very well aware that the great architect, having expressed himself clearly on the deepest of all human problems, proceeds in the subsidiary parables of proportion and decoration to symbolise the lesser emotions of his heart. But no adequate treatment of this vast language of the soul is possible within the compass of a letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

THE PRISON.

I AM the prisoner of my love of you.
 I pace my soul, as prisoned culprits do,
 You stand like any gaoler at the gate,
 And I am fevered, chill, and desolate,
 Weary with walking the damp dungeon-floor,
 Cursing your name, and loving you the more
 For crying curses. If I could but keep
 Your thought away but just enough to sleep
 One calm night through, I might enjoy the stars;
 But now I see beyond my prison-bars,
 Night and day, nothing; only iron rust,
 And windows blackened over with wet dust.

While I was slumbering, half awake, I heard
 A voice that spoke a little poisonous word,
 Subtly against my ear; it said that all
 These barred inventions are fantastical,
 These four unfriendly walls I touch and see,
 A wilful dream and no reality,
 And that I need but waken to be free.
 A cunning but a foolish voice! I know
 Your walls are solid, stablished long ago,
 Not for one only: here's name after name,
 Carved on the stones: I'll add my name to them.

Outside, I hear, sometimes, far off yet loud,
 A sound as of the voices of a crowd,
 And hands that beat against a gate; I hear
 Cries of revolt, and only these I fear.
 'Tis you they strike at: what have I to do
 With freedom, if 'tis liberty from you?
 I am content with this unhappiness;
 Why should the world, that has no soul to guess
 The joy and miracle of my distress,
 Strive to break in, and ravish me from pain,
 That, being lost, I should seek out again?

O, I was friends once with the world, I went
 The world's way, and was sunnily content
 Only to be a pilgrim, and to roam
 The gray dust and the flying-footed foam.
 My heart knew not of bondage, I was full
 Of young desire, the earth was beautiful,
 And women's faces were a light that showed
 The way at every turning of the road,
 And I had never looked as deep as tears
 Into a woman's heart.

Unthinkable years,
 I loitered through with scarce returning feet,
 And dreamed that only freedom could be sweet!
 How, in my prison, I stand pitying
 That gipsy leisure for an idle thing,
 A memory not worth remembering!
 I am alone now, miserable, bound
 With chains that crawl behind me on the ground,
 Sleepless with hate and with the ache of thought,
 My pride of triumph broken down and brought
 Into a sullen quelled captivity:
 Alas, I only fear to be set free!

ARTHUR SYMONS.

REVIEWS.

MR. BALFOUR POLITICIAN AND
METAPHYSICIAN.

"The Foundations of Belief." By Arthur James Balfour.
 Eighth Edition. New Introduction and Summary.
 London: Longmans. 1901. 6s. net.

MR. BALFOUR'S books are the most convincing evidence that he has never applied himself strenuously to win first and foremost the reputation of a politician or statesman. If he had he would have dropped subjects which require metaphysical discussion, or which at least he has chosen to discuss in their metaphysical aspect, or rather would never have touched them. The British public, whose stolid weight the British statesman would win to the side of his own plans and ambitions, understands less about metaphysic than it does about poetry, and time spent upon either is to many so much time wasted for any purpose of real life. This book by Mr. Balfour has passed through eight editions, and its cleverness and subtlety have ensured him a reputation amongst those who have been competent to read it as one of the few really intellectual men in politics. To the class to whom the politician directly appeals, whose standard is the ordinary political platform, the book is of course an impenetrable secret. In neither case is there any true accretion of credit to Mr. Balfour as a politician from the book. The first class will remember that though the metaphysicians have often won reputation as political theorists their abstract order of mind is not that which is most fitted for practical and constructive statesmanship. Creative power is no doubt the characteristic of the highest order of the metaphysical mind as it is of the poetic; but neither happens to be the particular kind of creative power wanted in politics, if indeed anything is wanted there but a high constructive skill and ability to re-arrange old material to meet new practical wants. But Mr. Balfour expressly disclaims any attempt to create any such system of metaphysic as the great metaphysical thinkers have created; he does not in fact do more than apply an acute Cambridge-born analysis to the weak points of an assumption he desires to prove unfounded, as he does in showing that so-called scientific certainties are as exposed to sceptical criticism as any other matter of our knowledge. This is entirely Mr. Balfour's manner as a politician—his House of Commons manner. It would seem that he is as doubtful about the time being ripe for original constructive schemes in politics as he is of the possibility at present of a great reconstruction of philosophy, or of his own ability to undertake the task.

Mr. Balfour's judgment on these points may be sound, but it is quite as likely that so far as politics is concerned his merely critical habit is due to that intellectual fastidiousness which makes philosophic problems his favourite study. The over-speculative mind sees in definite proposals, plans, schemes, and systems for regulating human affairs, merely subject matter for criticism. So much lies in the background of human nature which cannot be reached by positive institutions that there is imminent danger of the man becoming a Gallio and caring for none of these things. We see this in the comparatively insignificant and external part that Mr. Balfour assigns to the faculty of reason or reasoning, the ratiocinative power, in the growth and permanence of opinions and beliefs. And yet it is precisely that power which the politician or statesman finds his most effective instrument in directing, or as Mr. Balfour with a satiric touch adds in misdirecting, the public policy of communities within the narrow limits of deviation permitted by accepted custom and tradition. Even more cynical and aloof from the ordinary thought of the average politician or elector are two passages which we may cite as illustrations of a mental quality which is attractive to an intellectual élite but which is little adapted to make a man eager for distinction in the political arena. "So do we stand as reasoning beings in the presence of the complex processes, physiological and psychical, out of which are manufactured the convictions necessary to the conduct of life. To the results attained by their

co-operation reason makes its slender contribution; but in order that it may do so effectively it is beneficently decreed that pending the evolution of some better device, reason should appear to the reasoner the most admirable and important contrivance in the whole mechanism." As if that were not sufficiently contemptuous of the part reason plays in any department of life he says elsewhere "To Reason we are in some measure beholden, though not perhaps so much as we suppose, for hourly aid in managing so much of the trifling portion of our personal affairs entrusted to our care by nature as we do not happen to have already surrendered to the control of habit".

It is dangerous to have that way of looking at things if a man is to act on the rough mass of his fellows. When he can poke fun at himself and them in such fashion he puts himself outside the range of their perception and sympathy. The men who go rushing on their way in triumph do not stop to take stock of themselves in that fashion. It is commonly said that Mr. Balfour is not sufficiently in earnest. That is true so far as politics is concerned, but what is often meant is that he is so on account of what is nonchalance, or indifference, or idleness, and this is not true. But for a politician he is not sufficiently in earnest about the right things. What he is in earnest about this book very well shows, and the last thing that could be asserted of him is that he will not take the trouble to make sustained intellectual effort. Only he must be allowed to choose his own subjects, and these unfortunately, still speaking of the politician, are remote from ordinary political thinking. If Mr. Balfour had chosen some light agreeable study for diversion, as Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch" considered conchology, he would be more intelligible. Nobody ever suspected Mr. Gladstone as a politician because of his dallying with Homer, though they were inclined strongly to do so when he dissertated on the conflict between religion and science. Perhaps for the sake of politics it is a pity that Mr. Balfour has not limited himself to some branch of concrete learning like Greek, or archaeology, or some particular science, without troubling about the metaphysics underlying it. The politician must live heartily amongst phenomena; metaphysics takes a man too far away from them; he cannot get back; it becomes an engrossment, tends to seclusion, and is not a diversion but a constant obsession.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, ENFANT TERRIBLE.

"Miscellanies." By Augustine Birrell. London: Elliot Stock. 1901. 3s.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL is a remarkable mixture of the dreamer and the enfant terrible. On the whole, in his "Obiter Dicta" the dreamer prevailed; but here, in "Miscellanies", the enfant terrible has very much of his own way. Or perhaps this appears to be the case because the subjects are largely those we do not usually associate with humorous treatment; and Mr. Birrell's humour, irrepressible, always unexpected in quality, plays sad havoc with such solemn matters as the House of Commons, the Reformation, and John Wesley. The muses are here, and his musings are full of the old charm; but even from Mr. Birrell we had not learnt to anticipate so many instances of the enfant terrible. He, although a trained advocate, is continually giving away the case he appears to plead. He goes along seriously enough for a few sentences, or even for a few pages: then, of a sudden, he raps us over the knuckles, and without so much as a twinkle of the eye throws out an irresistibly humorous or witty remark that makes one doubt whether he is ever in earnest. He cannot be quiet. If a thing presents itself to his mind in a ludicrous light, he interrupts the course of his argument—if Mr. Birrell can be said ever to indulge in argument—to make us laugh with him. There is seldom or never any effect of flippancy. In his writings Mr. Birrell has no great doctrine to preach with passion; he never thumps the pulpit-cushions; merely he allows his mind to play cheerfully, or half-humorously, half-sadly, on a thousand varied subjects, and he gives us the results of his

reveries. Consequently the abrupt, momentary appearances of the enfant terrible cannot shock one. Rather they serve to give piquancy and flavour to his dreams. We have said they interrupt the course of his argument; but this hardly represents the fact. There is no genuine argument. We are never led to any conclusions. Mr. Birrell does not aim at conclusions. Dreams, if so trite a saying may be pardoned, seldom have conclusions.

If Mr. Birrell brings us no new gospel, and does not even attempt to preach an old one with any fervour—his glorifications of Peel and Gladstone are only half-hearted—he strikes naturally definite attitudes towards life. If he does not expound philosophic systems, teach us in the Matthew Arnold manner what is good and what bad poetry, he sees life, whatever may be the form in which it presents itself, distinctively coloured. Whether he considers books, philosophic or theologic systems, institutions or men, he finds there things that interest him, and he has the trick of making his reader see them as he finds them. To use that much-hackneyed word, he is a personality. In so much Nature has chosen for him the better part. The mere phrase-makers will go when the fashion in phrases changes; the inventors of systems and the builders of institutions will go when the systems and institutions are out of date; whilst a personality once expressed in any permanent form—literature, music, sculpture—must certainly remain. Not only women, but men also, love the looking-glass; and as we find something of ourselves reflected in the earliest portraits of men that have come down to us, so may we expect the latest generations to take pleasure in looking at themselves—themselves with differences—in the portraits handed on from this our time. Mr. Birrell is really not much of a phrase-maker; yet he will outlast all the phrase-makers. It is not perhaps so true to say that he will become a classic as that his best things are classic from the moment they come into the world. Whether he lives to-day or died a century ago hardly seems to matter when one reads. There is his attitude to certain phenomena that already belong to the past—Wesley, the Reformation, Browning, Bagehot, Peel and Gladstone; there is his fun of the enfant-terrible order; all his whims, perversities, even his seriousness are there—and whatever else may change, it seems scarce likely that these will change.

Let it by no means be thought that we set Mr. Birrell amongst the mighty men the earth has produced. That is a different matter. If Johnson had never written a line there would of course have been no Life of Johnson. But the fact is, the Life once achieved, of its many readers there are comparatively few who have read many of Johnson's lines. Fifty years hence, we fancy, Mr. Birrell's opinion of Gladstone will not be taken seriously. But when Mr. Birrell in a description of the dull tomes of the eighteenth century suddenly says, half-ill-naturedly, "they are full of Latin epitaphs", he raises and will always raise a sympathetic smile (for dull tomes will always be with us). Or, to take a converse instance, after remarking with something of bitterness in his tone that "John Wesley's chapels lie a little heavily on John Wesley", he continues with an abrupt sweetness "Even so do the glories of Rome make us forgetful of the grave in Syria". Note, it is not the phrase that counts: it is the temperament showing through the phrase. Let us give a few other examples. "Evictions are, of course, of frequent occurrence in all Church histories." John Wesley was "always disposed to believe in the bona fides of ghosts and the diabolical origin of strange noises". "Lord Macaulay's 'History', like 'Pickwick', is a book of great repute and wide circulation." "There is something terrible in men's indifference to the religious and philosophical opinions of their friends." "Everything is exposed to criticism—except, possibly, the solar system." "Generation after generation of boys go to school to be taught to play cricket, to row, and nowadays how to play golf." "Of course, we are told by Professor Gradgrind that we no longer live in the Middle Ages. I believe that to be a fact." And of such utterances this collection of essays is replete.

We do not propose to discuss in detail the various

papers. They have, indeed, already received a great deal of attention on their first appearance in various periodicals. There are many things with which one is bound to agree; there are many with which few thinking people will be content to agree; and one article at least, that entitled "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?" an address delivered to the Scotch, need not have been printed at all. It is as easy to tell a good book from a bad one as it is difficult—if it is not actually impossible—to tell anyone how to do it. Nor can much be said in praise of the speech on Robert Browning: here we find virtually nothing but the old, old stuff about Browning's "message". Browning the poet is hardly mentioned. The truth is Oscar Wilde in his better days said the last word on the subject. "Meredith, they tell me", he said, "is a prose Browning. So is Browning". In spite of its rather appalling title, the paper on "The Christian Evidences" is one of the most interesting. Here we find all Mr. Birrell's not unsympathetic detachment, his knowledge, his humour; and if the enfant terrible puts in a word now and again, he is not brutal and only adds zest to the proceedings. The "Wesley" is, from the point of view of one who loves Birrellisms better than Mr. Birrell's opinions, really excellent. The "House of Commons" is good fun, with a good deal of truth concealed; but it is marred by at any rate one suburban remark about the "stupid party". That sort of thing used to please in Battersea; but we doubt whether it would please there nowadays; and, anyhow, it is not for a follower of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to call any person or any party stupid. After all, however, these things do not greatly matter. It is Birrell the man, the enfant terrible, the dreamer, that we admire and love; it is not the serious politician.

THE MONROE CHANGELING.

"American Diplomatic Questions." By John B. Henderson jun. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1901. 14s. net.

THE Monroe doctrine, originally enunciated as a protest against European aggression in certain restricted cases, has now come to represent the most unbounded pretensions of the transatlantic Jingo. To call the present travesty of his policy after the name of Monroe is to put a serious imputation on the memory of a singularly cautious statesman. In fact it was only after long delay and considerable hesitation that Monroe sent his famous Message to Congress.

Though Monroe's declaration has been taken as the text of a policy the policy itself had been maturing much earlier. When there was a chance of Western Florida passing out of the hands of Spain into those of some other Power, there was not unnatural alarm in the United States at the prospect of an active and enterprising neighbour establishing herself at their doors, so that we find Congress declaring in 1811 that "under (sic) the peculiar circumstances of the existing crisis the United States cannot, without a serious inquietude, see any part of the said territory pass into the hands of any other foreign Power". With such a statement as this no one who glances at the map would be prepared to quarrel. It was a declaration of policy directed to a particular end at a given moment, it had no general application for all time. There can be little doubt that President Monroe's far wider and more sweeping assertions were intended also to serve a particular purpose and not to serve as a basis for a policy which their author would have regarded with suspicion and dislike.

It is one of the strangest instances of historic irony that it was England, who has suffered most from its application, that induced and almost compelled Monroe to take up the position he did. But it should not be forgotten that Canning found it necessary to protest against the developments which Monroe grafted upon the original suggestions from England. He repelled the arrogant fiat that "the American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European Powers". The British Prime Minister held such language to be "very extraordinary" and was "prepared to combat it in the most unequivocal manner"

but he was not the first statesman to find that he had invoked an ally who was ultimately to prove more dangerous than his original enemies. In South America the President's Message was received with as little enthusiasm as it evokes to-day and the new Republics benefited little by it, for only a few years later President Adams and Henry Clay, his Secretary of State, agreed that the United States should not be obliged to guarantee the execution of the Monroe doctrine. In fact for twenty years it was held not to be a permanent theory of foreign policy to be maintained in all contingencies and at all hazards but simply a useful weapon to be made use of in a very restricted class of cases. "We are not to have quoted upon us, on every occasion, general declarations to which any and every meaning may be attached." These were the words of Calhoun in 1848. He had been a member of Monroe's Cabinet and went so far as to say that the famous "colonisation declaration" was the work of Adams and that had it been before the President and his Cabinet for consideration, "it would have been modified and expressed with a far greater degree of precision and with much more delicacy in reference to the feelings of the British Government". It is interesting to turn from these explanations, given by an eminent statesman who had been in the closest touch with Monroe himself, to the fervent periods of President Cleveland uttered about fifty years later when he was endeavouring to find a basis in the established policy of his own country for an impudent interference in a dispute between two other nations. Though an increase of British territory at the expense of Venezuela could in no way affect the United States, the ex-President has told us since that "the integrity of our own country was involved" which is almost on a par with the unctuous assurance of Mr. Olney, his Secretary of State, that "wisdom and justice and equity are the invariable characteristics of the dealings of the United States". Mr. Olney claimed also that "by the Monroe doctrine the United States, being entitled to resent and resist any sequestration of Venezuelan soil by Great Britain, are necessarily entitled to know whether such sequestration has occurred or is now going on. Otherwise, if the United States is without the right to know and have it determined whether there is or is not British aggression upon Venezuelan territory, its right to protest against or repel such aggression may be dismissed from consideration". Surely no political declaration in history was ever employed for purposes more widely remote from those of its framers than this Monroe doctrine for, if we accept the foregoing assumptions, the United States may command a European Power to submit all its differences with an American State, however remote from their own shores, to their consideration, and, according to their erratic action hitherto, the United States are to be sole judges of the occasion. No South American State, on the other hand, has any right to feel aggrieved if its would-be protector does not feel inclined to take up its cause. In fact it is solely a matter of expediency and it is interesting to note that when France and England invited the United States to join with them in putting an end to the war between Chili and Peru, when every consideration of humanity would have urged them to do so, the States refused and advanced the Monroe doctrine as the reason! Nothing in short was to be got out of the proposed intervention, neither material acquisitions nor a good electioneering cry, so they stood aside. On the other hand the "doctrine" had been advanced in many cases where it had even less application than in the Anglo-Venezuelan dispute. President Polk was one of the greatest offenders in this respect, for he cited the Monroe doctrine as an excuse for appropriating Texas "lest it should become the ally of a 'foreign nation'" and, more absurdly still, in the controversy with ourselves as to the Oregon boundary. A large number of American politicians even asserted that the formation of the Canadian Dominion was a violation of the Monroe doctrine, a pretension to which we weakly pandered by changing the name of the federation to one that less obtrusively suggested monarchy than the one originally intended.

The most crushing exposure of the whole Monroe

imposture is to be found in Lord Salisbury's reply to Mr. Olney's despatch regarding the Venezuelan affair, though its force was unfortunately impaired by Lord Salisbury's subsequent and disastrous surrender on the point in issue. It is amusing to observe that President Cleveland in his Message to Congress "declined to attempt extended argument" but passed to sonorous generalities and suggested that "the doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound, because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation" and further on stated that "the Monroe doctrine finds its recognition in those principles of international law which are based upon the theory that every nation shall have its rights protected and its just claims enforced", which being reduced to plain English means that the Monroe doctrine has just as much or as little meaning as the United States at the moment thinks fit to attribute to it, and that they will use it or abuse it just as their own interests demand. The Monroe doctrine is a very flexible weapon and a very useful one for those who forged it, but it has no place in the armoury of International Law; it is simply a particular adaptation of the universal law of self-interest. Other nations will forcibly resist its application if they think the matter in dispute worth a war with the United States. Otherwise they will let the matter slide for a time. No statesman could be so blind as tamely to admit a presumption which has no foundation in history, law or commonsense. Now that the United States have become a conquering power beyond their own continent they may discover that the arrogance of their rulers and their own violence have saddled them with obligations which they will find it equally dangerous to ignore or to fulfil.

We have only the space to add a word of praise for the impartiality displayed by Mr. Henderson in his treatment of this and the other questions of American foreign policy with which he deals.

NOVELS.

"The Traitor's Way." By S. Levett Yeats. London: Longmans. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Yeats has chosen to write a book on the Medicis period with what is not exactly an original idea, but an idea which to carry out successfully demands considerable powers of writing and imagination. He has decided to make the chief actor in his story a villain; a man, that is to say, who although a fine partisan soldier, a man of property, and an accomplished swordsman, yet because he believes himself the victim of a heartless woman betrays not only his friend and comrade—who happens to be the husband of the woman he loves—but the Prince whom he serves as well. Mr. Yeats comes successfully through the ordeal: he makes his reader sympathise with his villain. This is a story that moves: the characters are admirably drawn, the intrigue is convincing, and the fighting is of a capital kind. The obvious criticism to be made, of course, is that "The Traitor's Way" would never have been written if it had not happened that Mr. Stanley Weyman once wrote "A Gentleman of France". But it would be unfair to say that: Mr. Yeats has shown that he is capable of sound original work; nor is it a logical nor a very intelligent deduction to assume, because two writers go to the same field of fiction, that the one who gets there first necessarily has taught the other. Mr. Yeats, fortunately, does not dish up a novel every twelve months or so: when he does write he is worth reading.

"Yorke the Adventurer, and other Stories." By Louis Becke. London: Unwin. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Becke has a very intimate and curious knowledge of unfamiliar places and their inhabitants' manner of life, and there was a marked freshness about his early books—overpraised as they were in some quarters. But the last two or three suggest that he has been living freely on his literary capital, and that there is not very much left. One story in the present book, concerned with the doings of an engaging ruffian of a Malay fisherman, is distinctly good, but the rest are very bald narratives of adventures in the South Seas. The brown

woman is left alone. Mr. Becke probably realises that Pierre Loti can do this kind of thing better—and that is something. But six out of the eleven "stories" are, we should imagine, newspaper articles reprinted. One or two of them, dealing with Australian fishes, are good essays in popular natural history, but—"story, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir"! When we buy a book of Mr. Becke's "stories" we do not expect a rechauffé of some other person's article "in the 'Sydney Evening News' last year" on rubbish written in the visitors' book at Longwood, S. Helena. Mr. Becke has fallen into "literary" tricks: he used to write simply and directly. Now he cannot hear a curlew without writing of the cry of a lost soul. Sir John Skelton, who, we believe, discovered this conceit, has much to answer for.

"East of Suez." By Alice Perrin. London: Treherne. 1901. 6s.

It is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Kipling will not found a School, for such imitations of his work as we have seen copy merely the crude colouring of his style, the under-breeding of his characters. Miss Perrin glories in her indebtedness, and goes so far—which we count for honesty—as to blazon on the cover of her book of short stories a verse of "Mandalay". Possibly East of Suez the best may be like the worst, but that theory does not to us Western folk commend the third-rate. These stories are merely a set of somewhat gruesome anecdotes which aim at tragedy: the characters are machines, and the events are not interesting. We are given some painstaking description of Indian scenery—dragged in anyhow, as it were—but the writer has made absolutely nothing of the natives who move in her tales. The whole thing is amateurish, but it is rather interesting as showing how narrow is the line between effective treatment and mishandling of certain motifs. Some of us have fancied that Mr. Kipling's success was due to the novelty of his matter: this book proves that there is no inherent virtue in the theme. The banjo that wins him success twangs feebly to less skilful fingers.

THEOLOGY.

"A New History of the Book of Common Prayer, on the basis of the former work." By F. Procter. Revised and re-written by W. H. Frere. London: Macmillan. 1901. 12s. 6d.

"The Prayer Book Explained." By P. Jackson. Part I. The Daily Offices and the Litany. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1901.

A revised edition of Procter has been needed for many years, and the revision could not have been entrusted to better hands than Mr. Frere's. The last half-century, as he reminds us, has witnessed extraordinary progress in liturgical study and research; of the fifty-two principal authorities tabulated at the beginning of this book more than half consist of works published since the appearance of its first edition in 1855, and some of the most important, such as Batiffol's and Baumer's works on the Breviary, Brightman's "Eastern Liturgies," and others, are not ten years old; while the solid work of the Henry Bradshaw and similar societies has succeeded in printing an immense amount of liturgical material which had hitherto been inaccessible. Mr. Procter's book has in consequence been practically re-written by Mr. Frere, and the result is a manual on the Prayer Book which for completeness and fairness leaves hardly anything to be desired. The editor is a high churchman and has the courage of his convictions; he can speak severely on some of the changes made in the second Edwardine book, notably in the office for Holy Communion; but he is a high churchman who knows his subject too well to be a party man, and who does not make his book a vehicle for expressing party opinions. If the clergy would only study this book there would be few extravagances of ritual; if the laity would study it the aggrieved parishioner would cease to exist; or at any rate he would be grieved at different things from those which now excite his wrath. From Mr. Frere to Mr. Jackson is Alexander the Great to the other Alexander; his book is short, elementary, and clear, and certainly ought to teach the pupil-teacher much about her Prayer Book that she never knew before. It suffers from over-classification; we generally skip a page that is so divided up that capitals, numerals, and small letters have to be pressed into the service of marking the genera and species; it is a delight to the author to elaborate these; but it is a weariness to have to read them. And the book would be better if the subject were more closely adhered to; it is hardly "explaining the Prayer Book" to insert a chapter on the teaching of "reason, history, and revelation" as to the being of

God, nor are eleven small pages quite adequate for the proper treatment of such a subject.

"Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament." By G. A. Smith. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1901. 6s.

Books do not always answer exactly to their titles, but this does. It is not so much an apology for the higher criticism of the Old Testament—though it is that, and a good one—as an attempt to show, on the assumption of its truth, how the Old Testament may be used by Christian preachers, and its pages remain sacred and instructive to their congregations. The author does not undertake a detailed proof of modern criticism, but gives a rapid sketch of its growth with instances of its methods and conclusions; and yet a reader who has no time for the study of the larger works will find here a very clear though no doubt a somewhat startling account of the present position of Old Testament study. Yet after all, a comparatively small portion of our Bible is affected by this study. Much of the history is made more real than before; the teaching and devotion of the Psalms are independent of their date and authorship; the inspiration of the prophets and their influence on the politics and religion of Israel are tenfold more living to us than to the older critics; Messianic prophecy and the Old Testament types of Christ alter their form, they do not disappear; we no longer set to work to prove the truth of Christianity by a strained interpretation of single texts, or see types of Christ in this or that minute provision of the Law; we think more of the general lines of Old Testament theology as leading up to Christianity, and of the lives of the saints and prophets themselves as very real and true types of Christ. These are some of the consolations with which Dr. G. A. Smith presents us in a book written with his wonted charm and earnestness, displaying sound learning and knowledge of his subject, and only marred here and there by a tendency to be too rhetorical.

"History of the Church to A.D. 325." By H. N. Bate. (Oxford Church Text Books.) London: Rivingtons. 1901. 1s. net.

The reputation of this series is not only maintained but enhanced by Mr. Bate's excellent compendium of early Church history. It is a comfort to get such a book written by an author who knows Roman history as well as his special subject, and who is able to condense his information without making it heavy. The only addition we should like to see would be a list of other and fuller works to which the reader might be referred for more detailed study.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Marquis d'Argenson and Richard II." By Reginald Rankin. London: Longmans. 1901. 10s. 6d.

This is Mr. Reginald Rankin's first effort in historical work, and we think it will be regarded as not unsuccessful. The second part of the volume—we cannot see by the way the force of binding up the two parts together and giving the whole a joint name, seeing that there is no connexion in the world between D'Argenson and Richard—is likely to prove the more generally acceptable. Not only is the reign of Richard II. of considerable interest through the personal character of the king, which Stubbs found to be a problem from start to finish; but the period has not been written of very much by living English historians, although for various reasons it especially invites study at the present time. It is a fact that certain of the social problems of the latter half of the fourteenth century do really in some degree resemble ours of the twentieth. Mr. Rankin has not lost sight of this: indeed, if anything he rather labours the point. The break up of feudalism, that great system on whose defects and tyrannies careless people are apt to dwell, overlooking entirely the advantages which it did assuredly give to the humblest villein and retainer, created a disturbance in the labour world which Mr. Rankin likens to the struggle between labour and capital at the end of the nineteenth century. But surely he is wide of the mark when he says that the labour market now is as disorganised as it was in the time of John Ball? The fact that this essay of his was written some six years ago does not excuse him for this exaggeration. The footnote, to the effect that if John Ball may be regarded as the archetype of fourteenth-century revolutionary ideas, "Mr. Auberon Herbert stands in the same relation to those of the nineteenth," does not seem to be very serious.

"Original Papers." By the late John Hopkinson. Vol. I. "Technical Paper"; Vol. II. "Scientific." Cambridge: at the University Press. 1901. 21s. net.

These Papers are addressed solely to experts in science, especially to electrical engineers. They are reprints from various scientific publications and of papers read before scientific institutions. Professor Hopkinson's fame as a mathematician as an investigator and discoverer in many branches of physical science particularly that of electricity, and as the chief practical electrical consulting engineer of his day, is familiar to all who are engaged on the problems connected with electric

lighting and electric traction. It was due chiefly to his mastery of theory and knowledge of practical business which he combined in a remarkable degree, that the first electrical enterprises in this country owed their success. He was the consulting engineer of the City and South London Railway which was constructed "at a time when nearly every other capital in the world had only horse trams". His son Mr. B. Hopkinson has prefixed a memoir to these papers which almost carries economy of personal detail to undue length. In spite of this, or because of it, it is very interesting, and we could have excused a little less restraint as regards a man who in several lines of character was out of the ordinary run. However Mr. Hopkinson has deliberately chosen to limit himself to matters which bear directly on the scientific attainments and work of his father, and his memoir is a valuable introduction to the contents of the book.

"English Villages." By P. H. Ditchfield. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

This is a good little collection of many useful and interesting facts about life in rural England from prehistoric times. Mr. Ditchfield touches on the camps, barrows and pit dwellings of prehistoric men in Britain, and also on what are commonly known among antiquaries to-day as Romano-British remains. It is quite common, though we do not notice that Mr. Ditchfield mentions this, to find flint weapons and implements evidently fashioned by the Neolithic or New Stone Age men about these so-called Romano-British camps, &c.—though not the rougher flint weapons and implements of the men of the Old Stone Age, which are to be looked for in the drift gravel: the explanation seems to be that British, Belgic tribes and Romans often occupied the strongholds, &c., of the workers in flint long after these last had disappeared from the earth. Excellent are Mr. Ditchfield's descriptions of the old inn, the mediæval village, the manor-house. And his notes about church architecture are to the point. Altogether this is a useful volume. But we are a little puzzled to find that no less than ten of the illustrations of church architecture are absolutely identical with woodcuts that appear in that interesting work Bloxam's "Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture" which ran through many editions before the middle of last century and was translated into German. If this is a coincidence, it is of a staggering character.

"The Army and the Press in 1900." By a British Field Officer. London: Robinson. 1901. 1s. net.

This pamphlet is an earnest and evidently a most sincere protest against irresponsible newspaper criticism of the way in which the South African war is being waged and of the generals in command. "The great feature of the national literature, journalistic and other, dealing with the South African war, has been self-advertisement and self-seeking." "British Field Officer" might be rather tedious at times but for passages of this sort which enliven his little work. He describes Mr. Kipling's patriotic stuff well enough in the words "jarring vulgarity". We should be amazed at our moderation if we merely said with him that Mr. Conan Doyle's "popularity as a novelist has secured for his volume on 'The Great Boer War' a sale quite disproportionate to its value as a history, or as a treatise on military matters". Who was responsible for first suggesting that the boys of Winchester College should have this book for holiday reading?

"An English Commentary on Dante's 'Divina Commedia.'" By the Rev. H. F. Tozer. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1901. 8s. 6d.

It was an admirable idea of Mr. Tozer to furnish English students commencing the study of Dante with a Commentary of this type. He has provided them in one volume of reasonable dimensions, and at a moderate price, with an excellent companion to the Italian text, a work which was really wanted. Longfellow's notes, though full and instructive, are appended to a translation and therefore are of no assistance in textual difficulties. With Mr. Tozer's Commentary and a text, the beginner will be able to hammer out the meaning for himself, by far the best way to learn. The author supplies admirable summaries and explanations of the more prolonged theological and philosophical disquisitions as in "Inf. xi.", "Purg. xviii.", and in many passages of the "Paradiso".

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les Oberlés. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1901. 3f. 50c.

In England, M. René Bazin appeals principally to those patrons of circulating libraries who with small experience condemn en masse French novels. A certain critic, the idol of these particular people, has told them with his usual urbanity in a magazine article that they should read M. Bazin, he being invariably proper and, moreover, a polished stylist; but he might have added that M. Bazin possesses none of the genius of many of his contemporaries. Also, he should have stated that nine French authors out of ten write gracefully—so that M. Bazin's style is not much of an accomplishment. Finally, for

our part, we cannot feel that the "style" of M. Bazin's last novel is excuse enough for its appearance. Mountains have been described more vividly by M. Edmond Rod and the late Georges Rodenbach; then, there are too many sunsets, woods, mists, amazing views from summits in "Les Oberlés", and it is certainly not original to set ringing the church bells at stirring moments. As for the theme of the book, it is "patriotic" and sentimental. Alsace is the scene, the characters are the Oberlés—five of them—who quarrel over the respective merits of the Germans and the French. So—strife in the family, infinite strife. The father would bow before German rule, so would the meek mother and the ambitious daughter; but the paralysed grandfather, a superannuated uncle and Jean, the son, Jean the hero, Jean with his hand in his breast and his eyes for ever fixed on the frontier, declare themselves French, for ever French. In the village, the peasants admire Jean and enthusiastically support him. They, also, are French, for ever French: scowl at Germans, retire into their cottages if official Prussians pass. There is whispering, there are tears; in the end Jean (who has promised his mother at least to begin his military service under the German flag) deserts after the first drill, makes for the frontier, is shot, falls, and cries "C'est la France qui chante". We are not told whether Jean dies or recovers and, as M. Bazin by his sentimentality has ruined a fine opportunity—Alsace, for a novelist, should be admirable ground—we do not care what has happened to Jean and his friends. Oberlé père is the strongest character in the book and, now and then, his wife gains one's sympathy. But the superannuated uncle who is for ever exploring the mountains with his dog and a staff, and the paralysed grandfather who scribbles "patriotic" messages at meals on his slate are both of them intolerable. The uncle, by the way, assists Jean to desert and should therefore have been arrested as an accomplice, the grandfather behaves so rudely that his slate should have been impounded, and only returned after his solemn promise to reform. This would have been the one adequate punishment, for the old man's love for his slate amounts to a veritable mania. His every sign is taken as a demand for the slate; he seems unable to go through a meal without scribbling some nonsensically patriotic sentence on it.

La Piaffe. Par Pierre de Lano. Paris: Flammarion. 1901. 3f. 50c.

We understand through the publisher's note accompanying this volume that M. de Lano's chief character was once President of the Republic; in him we recognise M. Félix Faure with his pose and his eyeglass and, unless M. de Lano has libelled him, we are to believe him capable of many a meanness and guilty of countless intrigues. Around the President schemes "La Piaffe"—that is to say the more or less riche bourgeoisie, vulgar, ambitious and altogether unscrupulous. How far the author's story is actually true, we cannot say. He certainly seems well informed, at his ease, at home; he does not hesitate to introduce certain well-known episodes in the late President's life into his book, nor does he neglect to refer frequently to the pride inspired in the Elysée by the Russian alliance. After "Saint-Simonin's" volume on M. Félix Faure, M. de Lano's book may come appropriately enough—but we are inclined to regard it as an example of the average shoddy Parisian author's bad taste. It tells us nothing we desire to know; we are not interested in its scandalous disclosures, and the fact that the chief character is dead makes the matter all the worse.

Une Maison bien tenue. Par Marie Delorme. Paris: Colin. 1901. 3f. 50c.

We are scarcely competent to pronounce judgment one way or the other on this book; but since the Librairie Colin has been amiable enough to forward it us, we may say that it deals with the little domestic duties accomplished in a well-kept house. It tells us how to cook, how to arrange the dinner table, how to treat servants, how to pack table linen into a cupboard and how to receive guests. We have not read it through—as it is dedicated to all "Jeunes Maitresses de la Maison". But it contains, no doubt, many agreeable scraps of information, and is certainly written in a kindly, tolerant vein.

Post-scriptum de ma Vie. By Victor Hugo. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1901. 6f.

Written in the sad solitude of exile, in the middle of disappointment, gloom, and illness, this volume of rêveries and reflections could scarcely be representative of Victor Hugo's genius. Yet, unlike other posthumous books—those odds and ends impudently collected and published in a purely commercial spirit—this one, inasmuch as it shows Victor Hugo in a more or less new light, should not have been suppressed. The title is melancholy, the close is more melancholy still; but if Victor Hugo admitted that, "Je pense par instants avec une joie profonde qu'avant douze ou quinze ans d'ici, au plus tard, je saurai ce que c'est cette ombre, le tombeau, et j'ai une sorte de certitude que mon espoir de clarté ne sera pas trompé", he was nevertheless inspired to write of Shakespeare with amazing admiration and eloquence, of Voltaire, also, "dont la grandeur est d'avoir été le magasin

d'idées de tout un siècle", and of "Genius", of "Taste", of "The Beautiful" with such transparent enthusiasm and worship that we cannot think—as our first quotation might suggest—that Victor Hugo had suddenly and strangely lost the prodigious, the unparalleled interest he had hitherto taken in life. Unfortunately, it is impossible to give a satisfactory idea of what this volume contains. It is crammed with "perles et pierreries", cast hither and thither in grand disorder. Out of them we may select these as typical: "On dit de moi que je suis un homme bizarre et que j'ai le goût du singulier. C'est vrai. Toutes les fois que je songe à ces mots: liberté, grandeur, dignité, honneur, je préfère le singulier au pluriel."—"Les lettrés, les érudits, les savants, montent à des échelles; les poètes et les artistes sont les oiseaux." "Une réaction: barque qui remonte le courant, mais qui n'empêche pas le fleuve de descendre." "Dieu s'enferme, mais le penseur écoute aux portes." But "Post-scriptum de ma Vie" cannot be considered as a whole, not even in the true sense of the word—as a book. In fact, we may not call it colossal—that epithet which, of all others, most correctly describes Victor Hugo's veritable works.

Œuvres Complètes de Paul Bourget. Romans, tome III.: *Le Disciple; Un Cœur de Femme.* Paris: Plon. 1901. 7f. 50c.

Were we to notice "Un Cœur de Femme" at all exhaustively, we should not fail to repeat ourselves. Juliette de Tillières is one of M. Bourget's most typical heroines, Baron de Poyanne and Raymond Casal—her lovers—are equally characteristic; their romance and the inevitable awakening are—with the exception of the fact that Juliette eventually seeks consolation in a convent—almost identical with the romances and awakenings we have already analysed in reviewing the most purely psychological of M. Bourget's novels. Romance, however, is not the word—M. Bourget's heroines being scarcely romantic. Nor would intrigue or liaison adequately define the situation: M. Bourget's heroines being too delicate to endure the vulgar obstacles and dangers that attend such a relationship. They err through no usual ambitious reason: want of money, need of invitations to particularly "exclusive" mansions: allowing the most impatient admirer to understand that, as reward for the fulfilment of these desires, he shall be promoted to the post of paramour. Juliette de Tillières and the other heroines are wealthy, are received everywhere. Did their favourite, the most fashionable palmist predict their fall, they would be horrified. They tully intend to remain always virtuous; that resolution broken, they know not how—in a moment of depression or agitation, perhaps—they are horrified again, yet nevertheless continue to receive their lover and lead with infinite delicacy and discretion a double life until the day of the awakening. Psychology alone—M. Bourget's psychology—can penetrate, and produce the solution to, the problem—Why does Juliette de Tillières fall? We have put aside all material motives; we must also put aside pique, hysteria, sensuousness as other causes. As, however, we have already discussed M. Bourget's most convincing answer to the riddle, and are disinclined now to repeat ourselves, we rest content with stating that, in a psychological sense, "Un Cœur de Femme" is as fine as anything M. Bourget has written. Indeed, he is

(Continued on page 690.)

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689

always at his best when concentrating his rare powers on two or three personages—almost ignoring the "crowd", the supers. "Mensonges", with its many characters, we do not consider as masterly as "Un Cœur de Femme", although it is usually deemed M. Bourget's chef-d'œuvre. M. Bourget is not strong at dialogue, at stage-managing groups; he must deliberate, analyse, he must not temporarily break the thread of his story—or rather study—by the introduction of stray people, of incident. His genius only reaches its height when he is exhaustive, at once subtle and profound.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 novembre. 31.

This number contains many articles of considerable value. All who are interested in the important question of South America's future will turn to M. Euray's luminous and straightforward statement of the growth of cordiality between Spain and her ancient colonies as indicated by the conference recently held at Madrid to consider those relations. The writer sees plainly the grave dangers threatening South America from the Pan-American ambitions of the United States. There is a judicial account of the relations between Napoleon and Fouché by M. Pingaud. Fouché was for long the third man in the Empire and clearly deserved well of the Church, but the writer recognises that nothing will serve to remove the indelible stamp of infamy fixed upon him by his own age. "He was the soul of the police force, nothing more." He was however always true to his revolutionary instincts. M. Bellessort gives us another of his charming articles on Japan, dealing this time with the position of woman and M. Charnes writes sensibly about French policy in the Near East.

The following books will be noticed later on:—"Le Crépuscule des Dieux" (Stock); "Théâtre de Meilhac et Halévy, tome VI." (Calmann Lévy); "Souvenirs de M. Délaunay de la Comédie Française" (Calmann Lévy); "Ethica ou l'Ethique de la Raison" (Tournai: Decallonne-Liagre); "Le Fils des Princes" (Flammarion); "La Dame et le Demi-Monsieur" (Flammarion); "La Léviote d'Ephraïm" (Ollendorff); "L'Amie de Noël Tremont" (Ollendorff); "Mater Dolorosa" (Calmann Lévy); "Les Ruines en Fleurs" (Calmann Lévy); "Le Crépuscule" (Ollendorff); "Jacquette et Zouzou" (Flammarion); "La Tournée des Grands Ducs" (Flammarion); "Pétrone" (Fontemoing); "Thérèse Heurtot" (Plon).

For This Week's Books see page 692.

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Absolutely PURE—therefore BEST.

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Mr. CARRERAS is in communication with the Growers, and is informed that the Plantations have been considerably enlarged, and, therefore, the prices will probably be reduced at a later period. He takes this opportunity to apologise to any of his Customers who may recently have been unable to obtain his Tobaccos.

7 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W

Sept. 14, 1901.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Ordinary General Meeting of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, will be held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., on Tuesday, December 3rd, 1901, at noon.

The Report of the Directors for the year ending June 30th, 1901, states that the realised net profit on the year's operations, after deducting Debenture Interest and all outgoings, shows a balance to credit of £201,163 11s. 4d., out of which the dividend on the Preference Shares and Taxes have been paid, leaving £105,070 6s. 7d., which, with the amount brought forward from last year, £1,754,987 5s., would in ordinary times have been available for dividends.

But the war has imposed on the Mining Companies, in which the Company holds shares, certain expenditure not anticipated when the estimates, on which the capital of these Companies was based, were framed. This expenditure is extra to indirect losses, such as depreciation of plant, machinery, &c., the extent and details of which cannot be at present estimated.

The Directors, with the approval of the auditors, consider that the amount of this expenditure incurred to 30th June last, proportionate to the shareholdings of the Company in the mines concerned, should be written off in the current year's accounts, with the result that the balance to credit shown in this year's Profit and Loss Account is absorbed, and the amount to credit of Profit and Loss brought forward from the Balance Sheet of June 30th, 1900, namely £1,754,987 5s., has been reduced by £242,781 13s. 5d., leaving £1,512,205 11s. 7d. to be carried forward to next year.

Under these circumstances, and the uncertainty referred to in last year's Report, which is only partially removed, the Directors are not in a position to recommend the distribution of a dividend on the Ordinary Shares.

Copies of the Report, containing full information as to the Company's position, Balance Sheet and Accounts, and Reports by the Joint Managers and Superintending Engineer, have been issued to Shareholders, and application for copies can be made at the Company's Offices in London and Paris.

By order,

JAMES C. PRINSEP, } Joint Secretaries.
H. L. SAPTE, }

November 22nd, 1901.

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BRITISH WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC.**How Business is Developing.**

THE Second Annual General Meeting of the British Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Ltd., was held yesterday at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. George Westinghouse (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Raleigh B. Phillips) having read the notice convening the meeting and also the Auditors' report,

The Chairman said he found his name chiefly associated in this country with the Westinghouse brake (an invention of thirty years ago). That, however, was a small affair compared to their business of manufacturing electrical machinery and appliances which had grown up in Pittsburgh. In this respect America got ahead of England. Partly owing to the prevailing spirit of enterprise in younger communities, partly because of greater freedom from Imperial and municipal interference, the demand for electrical power and for machinery to produce it and utilise it began to come fifteen years ago from cities great and small all over the United States. Ten years later than America, some idea of what "electrical transit" means in London is being afforded by means of the Tube Railway, and as to the economy of production of staple articles he could not quote more forcible testimony than that of the Carnegie Steel Works. In 1892 they applied to the Westinghouse Company to put in electrical machinery and labour-saving appliances. They have been adding to that machinery ever since, and their competitors all over the world find that they have got to do the same. Great manufacturers, railways and municipalities are now alive to this. The Chairman continued: "The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh (referred to in the report as the American Company) has grown up from small beginnings through good and bad times alike, till it now has works employing 9,000 men and a capital of over £4,000,000 sterling, consisting mostly of preference and ordinary shares like yours. It is paying 7 per cent. dividends upon both classes of shares, and accumulates reserves besides. Three years ago we in America found that we had so large and valuable a business in the British Empire that we decided to transfer the seat of it to this country. It would obviously be more economical to manufacture at Manchester the electrical plant required—e.g. for the Mersey Railway—than to incur the cost of shipping it all the way from Pittsburgh. In July, 1899, the American Company sold its British business (including patents and plans which had cost a very large sum) for ordinary shares in the British Company. You, gentlemen, who are 6 per cent. preference shareholders, may have the satisfaction of feeling that the American Westinghouse Company—which has borne all the burden, the risk and the expense of pioneers, and has established this great business on the profitable basis over there which I have described to you—has put in the whole of its interest behind yours. It can get no return upon its outlay till you have had 6 per cent. on your money, represented by preference shares. Further, after 6 per cent. is paid upon the ordinary shares, you, as preference shareholders, become entitled under Article 10 to one-fourth of the profits remaining available for dividend. The profits in excess of the preference dividend already amount to something considerable, but are carried forward for the present. One more point I have to refer to before I proceed to deal with the accounts and to describe the works—namely, our gas engine business, as distinguished from the business of manufacturing electrical machinery. Though you are interested first of all in the financial more than the technical aspect, you must be aware that one of the greatest of modern problems is how to economically turn fuel into power and to recapture and utilise gases from blast furnaces which are now lost or wasted. Again, you observe how great chemists like Mr. Mond are dealing with "producer gas." A company has been formed to distribute "Mond producer gas" over South Staffordshire, thus opening out a new and large field for gas engines. Already in America the Westinghouse Company has made gas engines of 650 horse-power, and is making one of no less than 1,500 horse-power. A demand is coming in this country too. These considerations led you, at shareholders' meetings duly held, to decide to combine the manufacture of gas engines with that of electrical machinery under the same roof. The two businesses work in together. The same people who require dynamos require gas engines, for it is proving to be more economical to convert coal into gas and gas into electricity than to burn coal under boilers to drive steam engines. The financial arrangements to this end were on precisely the same lines as those for purchasing the Westinghouse electrical manufacturing business already described. They were sanctioned by you in general meeting, and have now been consummated, increasing your nominal capital to £1,000,000 6 per cent. preference shares and £750,000 ordinary. Coming to the accounts, he thought they would be well satisfied with the net result for the past year, £49,333, arrived at after liberal deductions from the gross profits for writing down the stock on hand, the laboratory fittings, tools, &c., and the expenditure on development, exhibitions, &c. The 6 per cent. dividend on the preference shares as paid up required £30,625, and after paying it there is still £18,908 surplus to carry forward. The orders on hand show a steady growth from £299,000 in July, 1899, to £738,000 in July, 1901. Among the orders, one of the more important is the contract for electrifying the Mersey Railway. This, when completed, will be another object lesson in the North, like the Tube in London, as to the speed and cleanliness of underground lines in big cities worked by electricity. He then described the works, upon which they had spent up to 31st July £433,126, exclusive of the land, rented at 3½ per cent. on an agreed price, with the option of purchase at any time within fifteen years. The important works which the company is erecting at Trafford Park, Manchester, are rapidly approaching completion, and when in full operation will be even more extensive and complete than the Pittsburgh works. It is expected that manufacturing operations of the company at Manchester will begin early in 1902. In these new works the comfort and health of the employees will receive every attention. Not only in the works proper will the workman be well dealt with, but, if he wishes, he may rent a house built purposely for him adjacent to the works. The careful attention given to the securing of the health and happiness of the employees is held to be an essential condition for business success. The Manchester works will be devoted to the manufacture of the well-known types of Westinghouse electrical apparatus for lighting, power and traction, by alternating and direct current, including generators, rotary converters, stationary and tramway motors, transformers, switchboards and auxiliary apparatus. A considerable portion of the works will be devoted entirely to the manufacture of gas and steam engines. The company's works manager, Mr. H. S. Loud, had with a competent staff of assistants and with the aid of the officers and engineers at Pittsburgh, prepared plans and selected the machine tools required for the conduct of the business on a large scale, and was at the present time at Pittsburgh, with a force of mechanics, engaged in the preparation of special machines, patterns, jigs, and templates in a portion of the works of the American company which had been set aside for the purpose. In conclusion the Chairman reviewed the field of operation and discussed how to utilise it for their benefit. "You are aware that your field is the British Empire, with the exception

of Canada, which can be supplied more economically from Pittsburgh. Westinghouse Companies are established also in France, Germany and Russia, each company dealing with its own field, but with agreements providing for mutual co-operation. This makes a very strong combination for exchange of engineering information, for securing valuable patents that may turn up anywhere, and for mutual assistance throughout the world. The future of electrical engineering is one which I should like to enlarge upon, but I should take up too much time. The next ten years will witness great developments. If railways want to protect the properties they have built up, they have got to take the initiative and handle their suburban traffic by electricity instead of sitting still and seeing competing companies started to cut into them. Why, in Paris, you may even see the outgoing expresses for Bordeaux and Madrid taken out of the Quai d'Orsay station by electrical motors. You can see, already in England, an electrical line to Richmond and Kew, and the effect upon congested population in London, and upon the value of suburban land. The New England and some other States are already gridironed with light electrical railways. The question for old-fashioned steam railways is what to do. Something they have got to do. It is a burning question in America already, and it is just as much so here. A private letter, just received from America, from a very intelligent correspondent of mine, says:—"I look with the utmost concern at the apparently active interest taken by the steam railroads in electrical equipment. If there is any possible way to put this question off for three or four years, it ought to be discovered and used. There are no facilities in the country to adequately supply the demand which will be made by the railroads." Well, gentlemen, your works are the only ones at present on a large enough scale to cope with the orders that must come in this country, and they will be ready none too soon. But it is in the production of some of the commodities most essential to the welfare of the human race that the application of electrical power will be most felt. In a business meeting of shareholders I must really leave this fascinating subject to your own imagination. You can readily see that your company, dealing with a business which tends to multiply the efficiency of labour to afford cheaper communication, cheaper iron, steel, and manufactures of all sorts, is established on a firm basis, and is likely to realise a substantial reward of good dividends. I will now move "That the report and accounts for the period ending 31st July, 1901, presented to this meeting, be approved and adopted."

Mr. Joseph Lawrence, M.P., in seconding the motion, said he did not think Mr. Westinghouse was one whit too sanguine when he predicted for this industry of the British Westinghouse Company a great future. When he came to consider the misgivings that a few of them felt two years ago at the large scale upon which the works of the company were laid out at Manchester, he was more reconciled and contented that in following the advice of Mr. Westinghouse at that time they had done the wise, far-seeing and statesmanlike thing. He did not think those works in the next twelve months, or even in the next two years, would be the least bit too large for the trade that was coming to the company.

Mr. Robert Benson expressed his appreciation of the Chairman's statement, and said the strongest point to his mind was that the interest of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh was behind that of the preference shareholders, and that they must get their 6 per cent. before the American company received any dividends.

The motion was then put and carried unanimously.

Mr. J. P. Mason moved:—"That the best thanks of the company be accorded the executive committee and the other members of the staff for their services during the past year."

Mr. James Allan seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

Mr. J. J. Mann B. yce proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Westinghouse for the admirable manner in which he had presided over the meeting, and for the very interesting address which he had given.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Allan, and passed with acclamation. The proceedings then terminated.

THE DAIMLER MOTOR (LIMITED).

SIR EDWARD G. JENKINSON on Thursday presided, at the Holborn Restaurant, over the fifth annual general meeting of the Shareholders in this Company.

The Chairman, in proposing the adoption of the report and accounts, alluded at some length to the circumstances which led to the reconstruction of the Board, and afterwards stated that the present Directors had appointed a works manager who had come to the Company with a very high character, and who had had a thorough scientific training both in America and Germany as an engineer and in the organisation and working of shops. The good results of that gentleman's management were already apparent. With respect to the Company's present position, he was glad to say that, notwithstanding the bad management in the past and all the difficulties which they had had to contend with, the business went on steadily improving. The present Board did not desire to take too much credit for the improvement; the full results of its labours could not yet be seen. A few figures would show the progress that had been made since the year 1898. Taking the sales first, they had been: In 1897-98, £47,239; 1898-99 (fifteen months), £62,813; 1899-1900, £63,738; 1900-1901, £73,506. Secondly, cash receipts: 1898-99 (fifteen months), £51,580; 1899-1900, £67,316; 1900-1901, £80,615. Thirdly, the gross profit on manufactures: 1898-99 (fifteen months), £15,299; 1899-1900, £14,920; 1900-1901, £20,528. And, fourthly, the profit and loss: 1897-98, £1,424 loss; 1898-99 (fifteen months), £1,045 profit; 1899-1900, £4,489 profit; 1900-1901, £6,742 profit. Orders on hand in the manufactory on September 30, 1901, numbered 70, representing a value of £31,335. These figures were so far satisfactory, in that they show they had a good and expanding business, if they took advantage of their opportunities, built their cars of types up-to-date, and had good management. The two features that were unsatisfactory in the accounts for the year were the increase in liabilities and the large accumulation of stock. The former was unavoidable, under the then existing financial conditions. A large stock was accumulated in 1900, which could not be utilised in the spring of 1901, and which could only gradually be worked up into cars for sale. When the present board took charge it was too late to build cars for sale during the season of 1901. All that they could do was to complete orders already on hand and to take new orders. By degrees this accumulated stock would be worked up into cars and profitably sold, and the amount will be reduced to proper dimensions. There was nothing in the accounts to make them despondent as to the future; and they had a fine business. Automobiles had come to stay, and before long there would be a large demand for cars from corporations and local bodies, private firms, and others throughout the country. The Company had already supplied public-service cars to corporations and private companies, and were expecting a large development in this class of business. What they had to do was to take care that they did not fall behind in the race. In the opinion of the Directors their policy must be based on four essential conditions—1, good works management; 2, good commercial management; 3, the manufacture in considerable numbers of two or, at most, three standard types of cars, which should be ready for sale in the early spring and summer; and, 4, sufficient working capital. The three first conditions were practically governed by the fourth. They had decided to make an issue of Five per Cent. Mortgage Debentures repayable at 105, and the shareholders would have the first chance to take them up on the underwriting terms. For some time negotiations had been going on with the Board of the Motor Manufacturing Company for an amalgamation of the two Companies, but on going into details they had failed to come to a satisfactory arrangement. Perhaps negotiations might be re-opened.

Mr. J. H. Mace seconded the resolution.

Mr. E. H. B. yce (the late Chairman) and several other shareholders took part in the discussion.

The Chairman replied to various questions, after which he put the resolution, and declared it carried unanimously.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors closed the meeting.

SWEETMEAT AUTOMATIC DELIVERY.

THE annual meeting of the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company, Limited, was held on Thursday at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. E. Hare (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said that this was the fourteenth time he had had the pleasure of meeting the shareholders at the annual general meeting, and as each occasion had come round he felt more and more the difficulty of giving details of the business of the year. He proposed to let the results speak for themselves. The main point that had been in their minds throughout the year had naturally been the new factory, which was now in full working order. The new machinery was working admirably. That the machinery should be a success was only what would naturally be expected after the time that had been devoted to everything connected with the building. The directors had not been going simply upon the beaten track, but had brought in various appliances and inventions never used in this connexion before, either in this or in any other country; and he ventured to say that their new building, with its plant and machinery, taken as a whole, was one of the most perfect establishments existing in the world. He paid a tribute to the work of Mr. Barrett and Mr. Reeve. Of the difficulties they had had to contend with during the year there was, first, the war. Any state of depression affects these machines, and they would find that the machines would be the first to feel the influence of brighter times. Moreover, there was another ground for expecting increased takings in their machines. They had recently made what is a great improvement in the chocolate—it was smoother and altogether of a higher class. Another difficulty was that for the first ten months of the year market prices in respect of raw material were against them. Matters improved during the final two months, and had been improving ever since. The third difficulty was a somewhat delicate one. Railways have not been doing well lately, due partly to the ruinous price of coal, and partly—and this was his special point—to the falling off of local or short-distance traffic in consequence of the opposition of tramways. Since it was to this very local or short-distance traffic that they looked a good deal in reference to the takings of their machines, and the falling off in the traffic was likely to be more or less permanent, a reduction should be made in the rents they were paying. He thought the Railway Companies to whom the observation applied would meet them fairly, and that they would get a substantial reduction; still they had had to pay at the higher rate during the past year. However, they had positively made more net profit in the year than they made in the previous year. He did not think anything could show the real soundness of their business more than that. The only other point was as to the dividend. It had been thought by some people that they should not resort again to reserve, and they had given the subject the most careful consideration, with the result that, as they would see from the Report, they had thought it right to recommend that the dividend should be the same as before, notwithstanding that they had now to pay on an increased capital. He had no doubt as to the future. They had in their hands a splendid factory, capable of doing an enormous trade, and they had every prospect of obtaining that trade; certainly if they do not, it would not be from any lack of energy or enterprise. They had double the number of travellers they had three months ago, and any amount of new ground was being opened up. In short, the whole outlook was full of brightness and life, and seemed fully to justify the confidence he felt.

The report was unanimously adopted.

MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILROAD COMPANY READJUSTMENT.

TO THE HOLDERS OF SPEYER & CO.'S CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT FOR MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILROAD COMPANY 6 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE (PRIOR LIEN) GOLD BONDS, DATED JUNE 1st, 1897.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that the \$20—per Bond of \$1,000—being 6 per cent. Interest thereon from June 1st, 1901, to October 1st, 1901, and the Bonus of \$15 per Bond of \$1,000—mentioned in the Plan and Agreement of the Readjustment of the Mexican National Railroad Company, will be paid on and after December 2nd, 1901, to holders of the above Certificates of Deposit, who are entitled thereto. These payments will be made as above on presentation of the said Certificates at the Office of the Central Trust Company of New York, or at the rate of 49d. (less English Income Tax in respect of the payment of \$20 per Bond) at their London Agents, Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smiths, 1 Lombard Street, London, E.C., to be stamped accordingly.

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(Readjustment Managers).

London and New York, November 23, 1901.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that it is intended on JANUARY 1st, 1902, to REDEEM and PAY OFF a SECOND INSTALLMENT of £83,350 of the £1,000,000 FIVE PER CENT. DEBENTURES of the Company issued in 1897 (being part of the authorised issue of £1,250,000), and that the particular Debentures so to be Redeemed and Paid Off will be determined by a DRAWING that will take place at the London Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, in the City of London, in the presence of a Notary Public, on TUESDAY, 3rd DECEMBER, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, and that the £83,350 of the Debentures then drawn for payment will be payable (at £103 per centum), at the said Offices on or after JANUARY 1st, 1902, against the presentation and delivery up of the Debentures with all unpaid Coupons.

The Debentures must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS before that date for examination.

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